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# MAD

NO. 4

DECEMBER 2018

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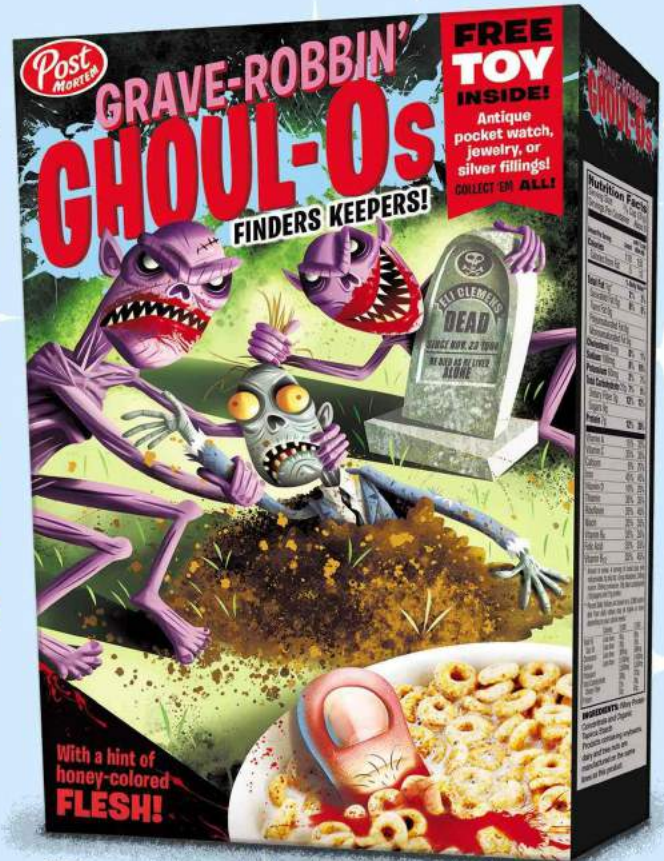


## HIGH FRUCT-DOSE DEPT.

Remember the good old days of spooky breakfast kibble like Count Chocula and Franken Berry? Back when cereal was 100 percent sugar, dental work was affordable, and your free toothbrush at the dentist came with a little bottle of laudanum? Those days (and teeth) may be long gone, but what's important is that you've refused to move on. With that in mind, we've dug up some old...

# REJECTED MONSTER CEREALS

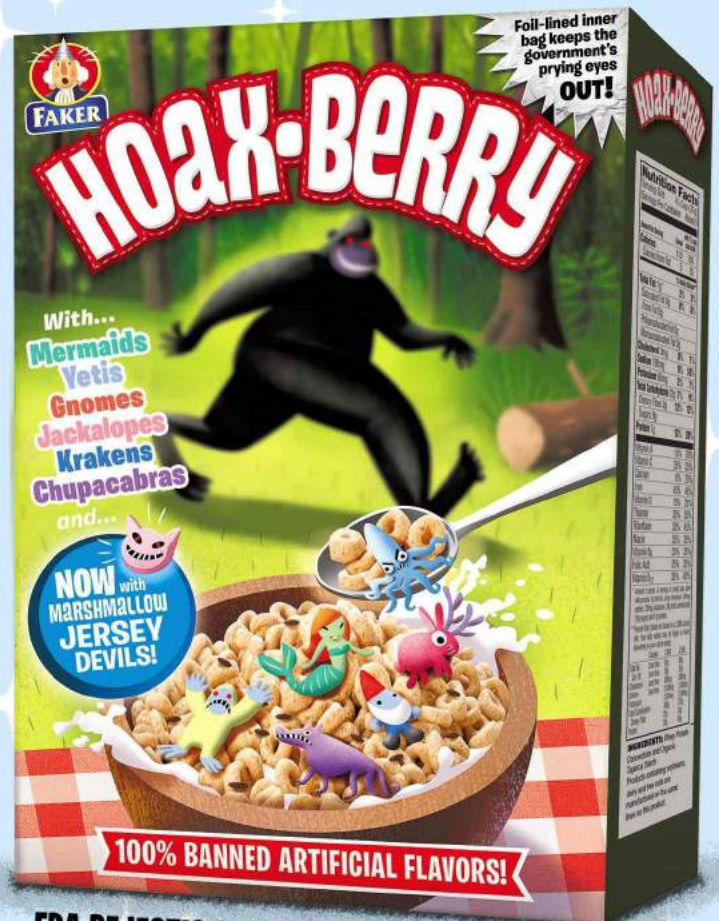
WRITER JEFF KRUSE ARTIST DEAN MACADAM



**FDA REJECTION** "High probability of children choking on/being cursed by free toys."

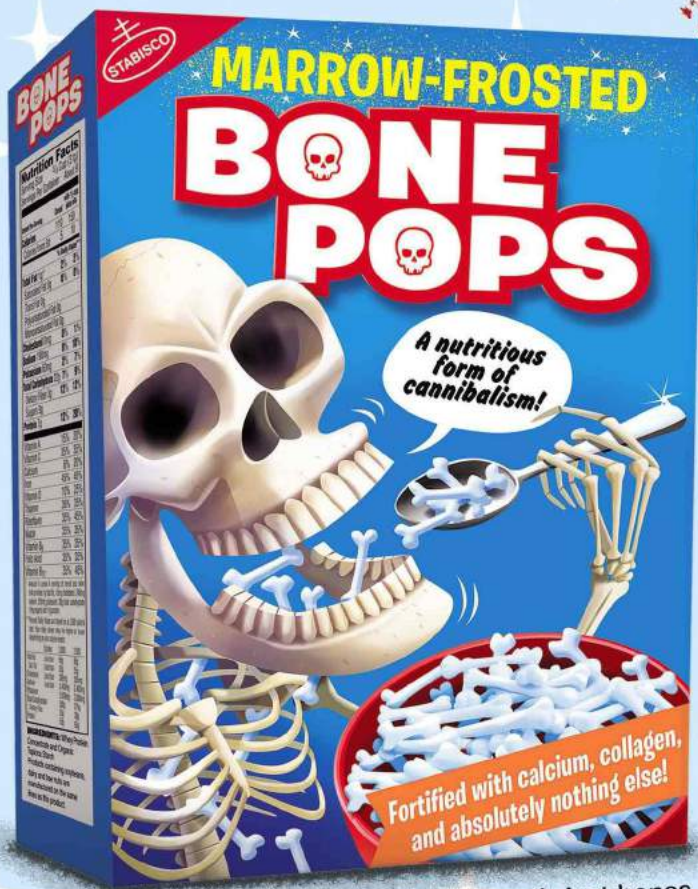


**FDA REJECTION** "All FDA testers mysteriously found naked and dead."

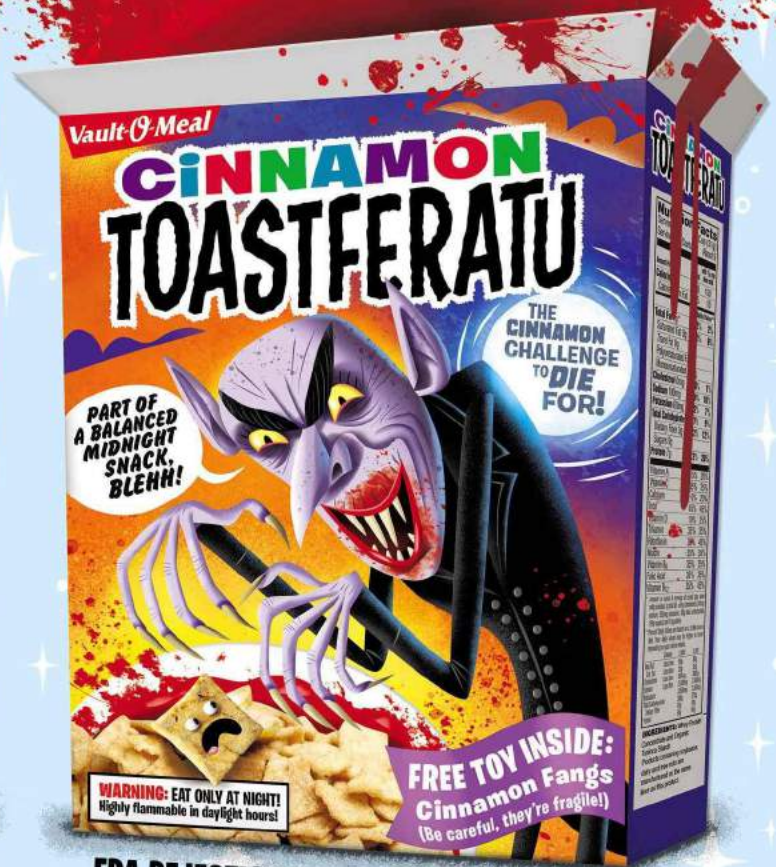


**FDA REJECTION** "Found to have more than double the amount of rat feces allowed."

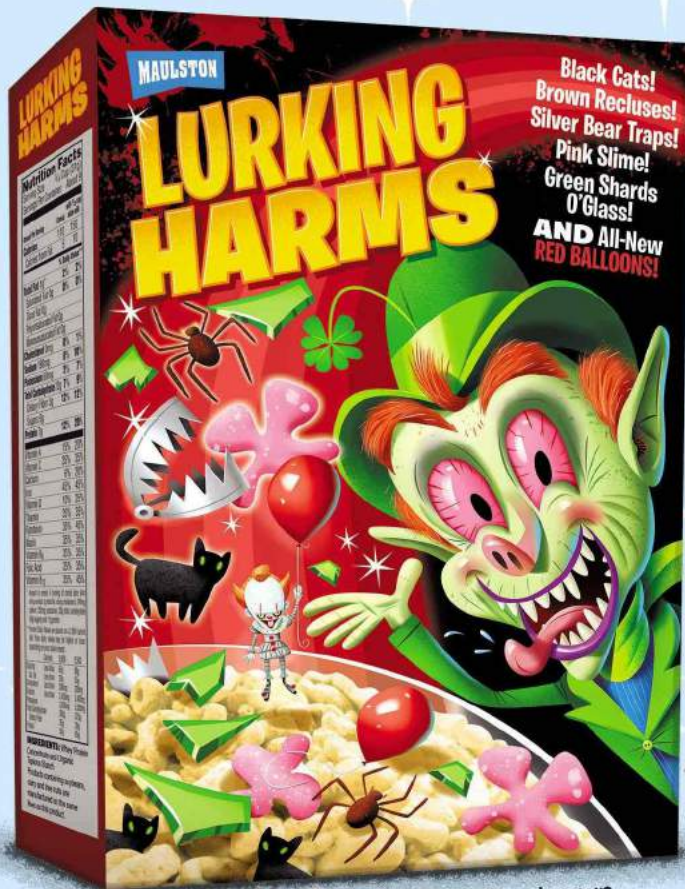




**FDA REJECTION** "These are literally just bones. Manufacturer is not even trying."



**FDA REJECTION** "Even in our dimly lit offices, the box screamed when we opened it."



**FDA REJECTION** "Marshmallow brown recluses full of real spider eggs."



**FDA REJECTION** "Results in outer demons in the bathroom, if you know what we mean."





Self-esteem—so important, yet so hard to come by. Luckily, almost everything in the world is such a hot mess right now that your own personal loser-ness doesn't seem so bad by comparison! Read on for examples of how to scrape together some thumbs-up ego boosting with...

# Sad New Ways to Feel Good About Yourself



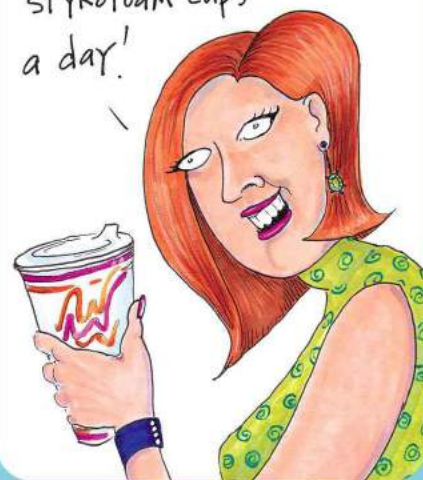
I got the loan for the storage pod to keep all of my unfinished craft projects in!



The picture of my fingers before they were reattached got seventeen LIKES!



I cut back to using only three jumbo, nonrecyclable styrofoam cups a day!



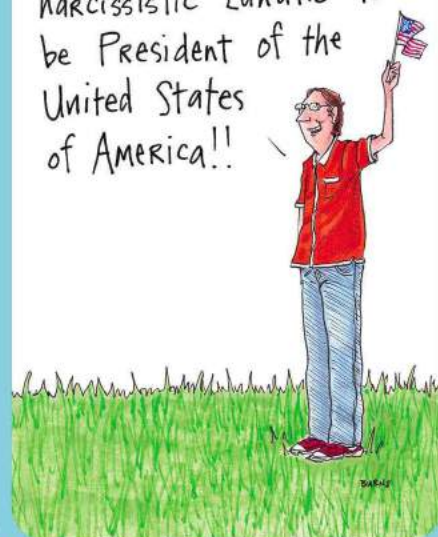
This credit card gives me 1% rewards each time I add to my staggering debt..!



Huh! My ass doesn't even totally fill up these new double-wide waiting room chairs!



I did NOT vote for a narcissistic Lunatic to be President of the United States of America..!







# THE SHOW MUST GO WRONG DEPT.

We take jabs at movies and television, and there's nothing we love more than a TV show that takes swipes at movies! So pardon us as we pop in on a classic character's weekly broadcast!

We interrupt this magazine with a program from MehTV, your home for moth-eaten television.

Hey, folks! Tonight we'll be watching a movie where everyone's down for the count. **Count Dracula**, that is!

My, I'll bet you monsters lead **innnteresting** lives!

Never mind! Y'know, I have a lot in common with Dracula. We buy our coffins at the same **hole-sale** store, **Tomb Depot**! And I've been told I **suck** the life out of a room!

You stole my joke!

# VEN, GOLLY, IT'S...

# SVENGOLIE

Calling all stations! Clear the air lanes! Clear all air lanes for the **big broad**! Er, that is, the **big broadcast**!

During casting of the 1931 film, there was a rumor **W.C. Fields** was up for the part of Dracula's mortal enemy, **Van Helsing**. But the studio was worried he'd never give a **sucker** an even break!

That's the same joke!

Anyway, the film stars **Bela Lugosi**, who at the time was looking for a role he could **sink his teeth** into!

Did you know **Bela Lugosi** is Portuguese for "**beautiful lug**"?

That's ri--huh? Well, it is true that Dracula feasted on **people**, but he also enjoyed fruit, like a **blood orange** or a **neck-tarine**! He also liked **vein-illa** ice cream! After all, the only thing worse than being "**hangry**" is being "**fangry**."

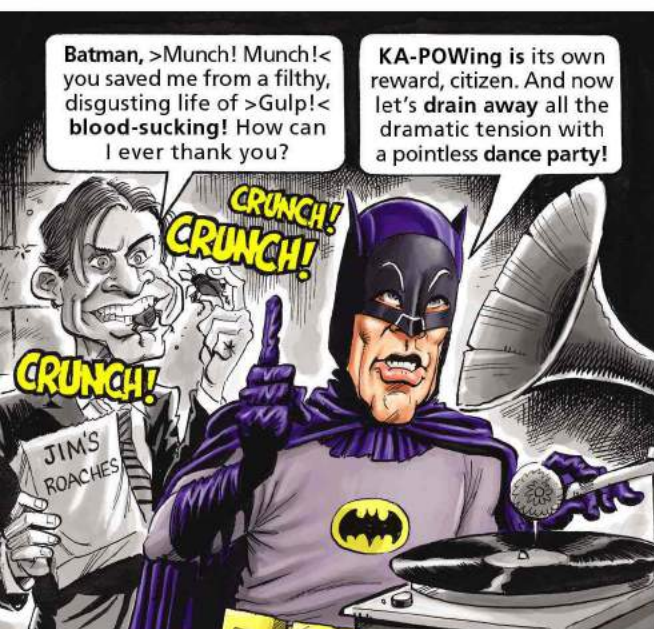
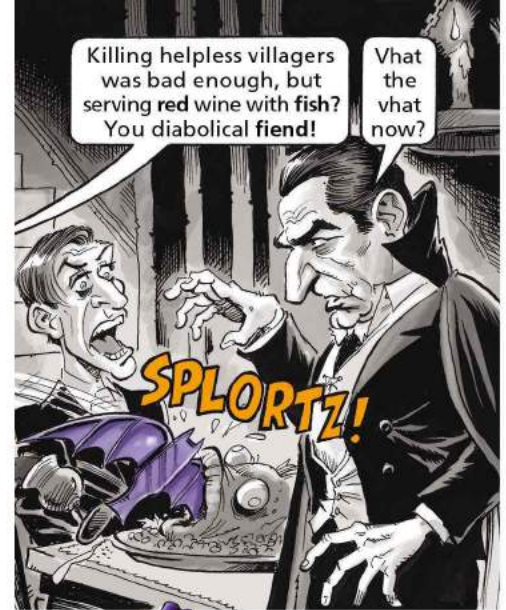
# STOP!

# MehTV

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY  
ARTIST TOM RICHMOND

Svengoolie ©MeTV









Sorry, folks, I have no idea how a **MehTV** show got mixed in with our movie! We've got to recover or we'll lose viewers in **Berwyn**!

So are we singing "Don't Let the Sun Rise Up on Me!" to the tune of Elton John's "Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me" or what?

Forget that! Do we have anything else to show?

I'll try to dig up something!

Dig up?! That's it! Enjoy **Frankenstein** while I find out if our editor is abusing his cold meds!

**BERWYN?!**

It's alive!  
It's alive!  
Alive!

I'm glad something's alive! It's been so dead around here!

Radar, another martini for me and more anesthesia for the patient. Wait, reverse that!

We'll have to requisition more olives! And what garnish goes with anesthetic?

If this outfit doesn't get me a Section 8, nothing will! Why's that monster looking at me funny?

Who are you and what are you doing in my lab?

We're doctors, like you. Except you're clearly cracked. We just crack jokes. Dr. Frankenstein, this is Dr. Frank N. Burns. And while we're being frank, you're both horrible people!

Go sit on your sutures! Hey, I don't need you spouting off, too!

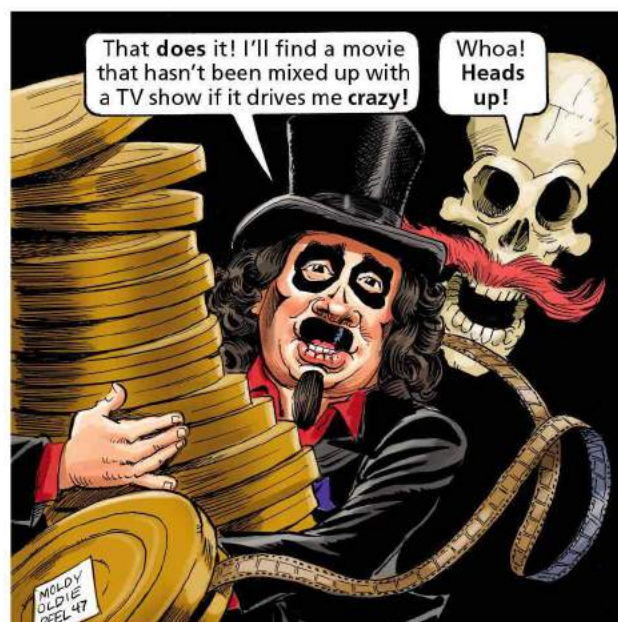
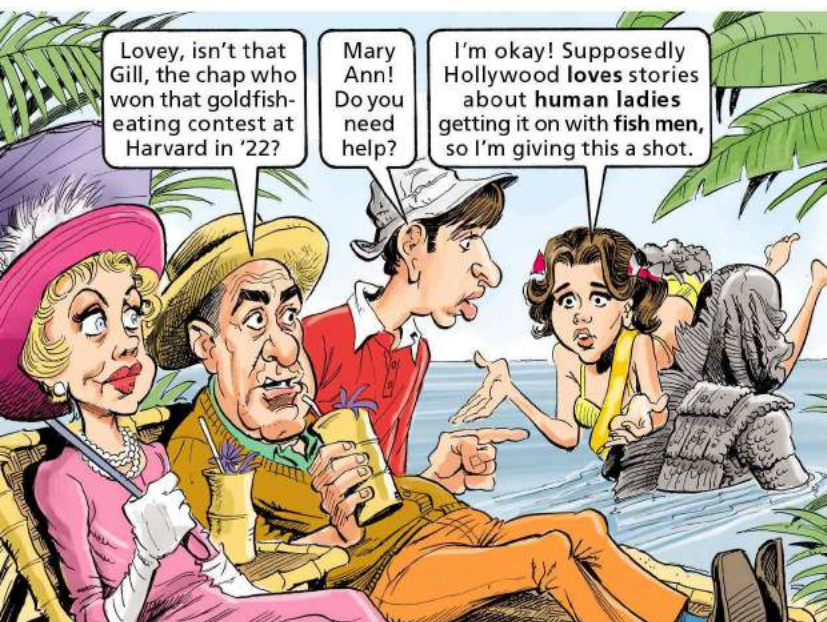
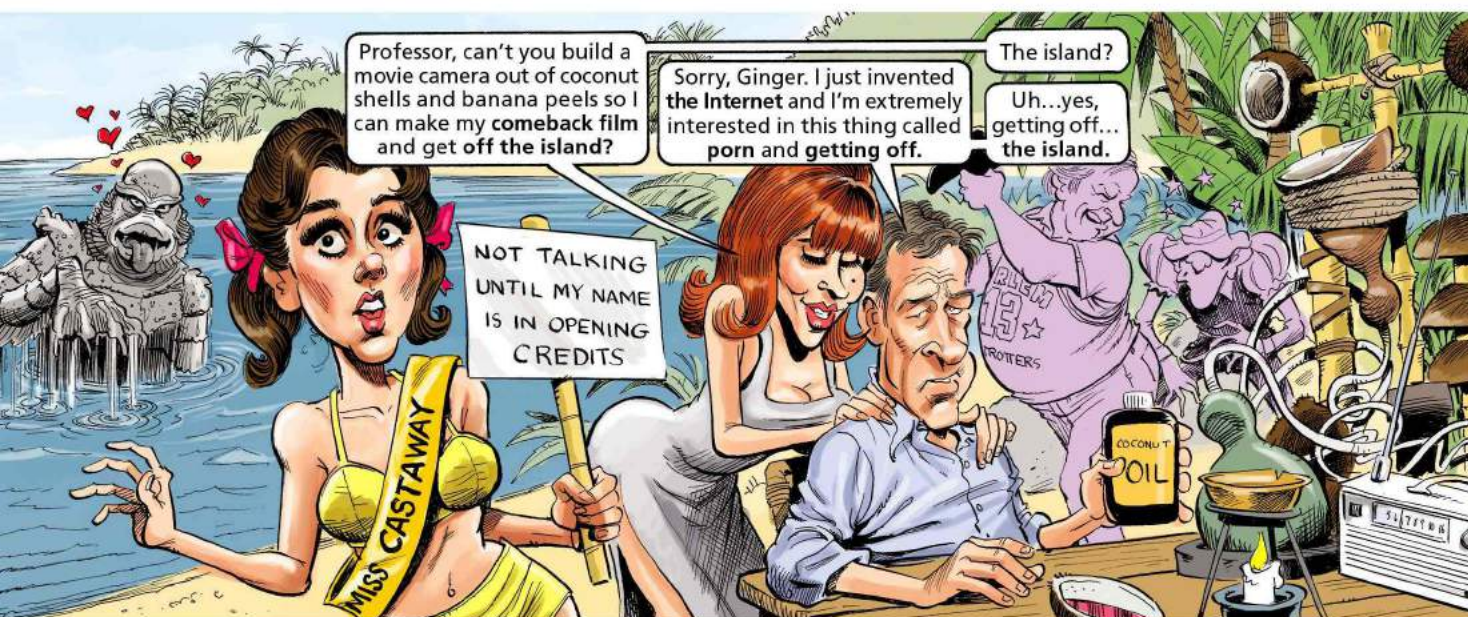
I'm afraid I must ask you all to leave. You are very annoying!

You think this is annoying, just be glad we're not the cast of **Grey's Anatomy**!

I now pronounce you **monster and wife**! You may hiss at the bride!

Okay, who mashed up **M\*A\*S\*H** with my movie? It's not supposed to be on this channel until tomorrow!

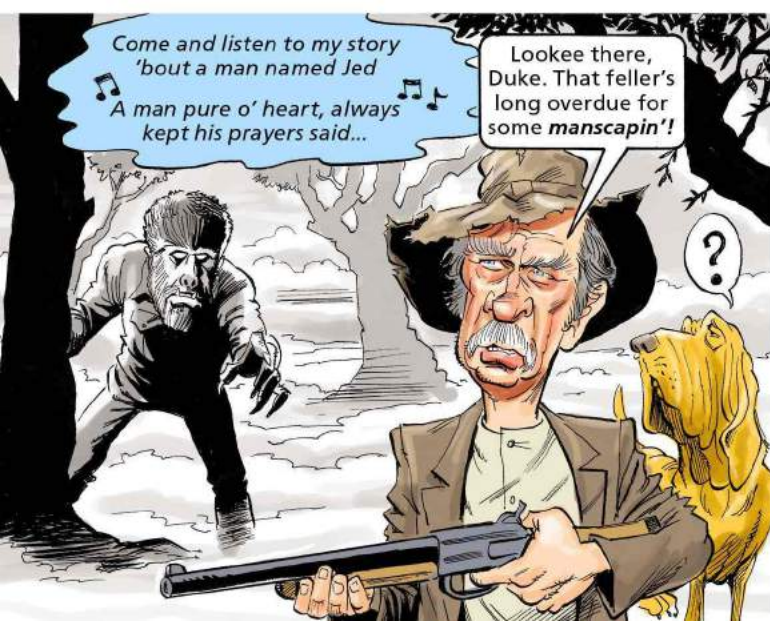
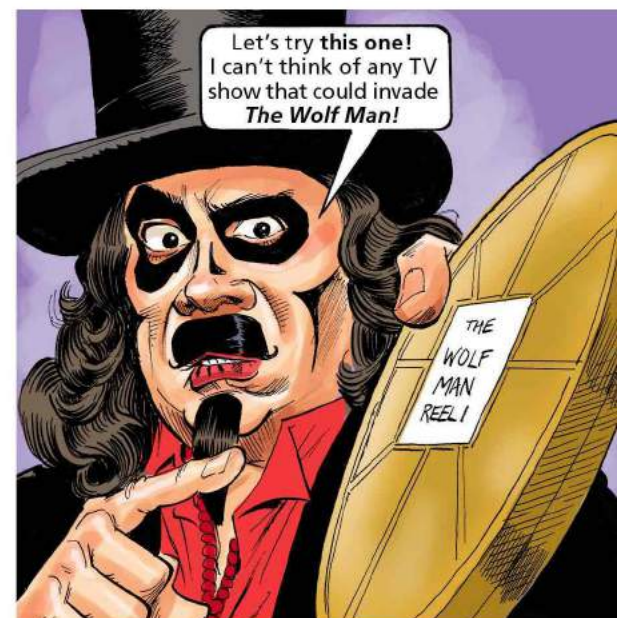
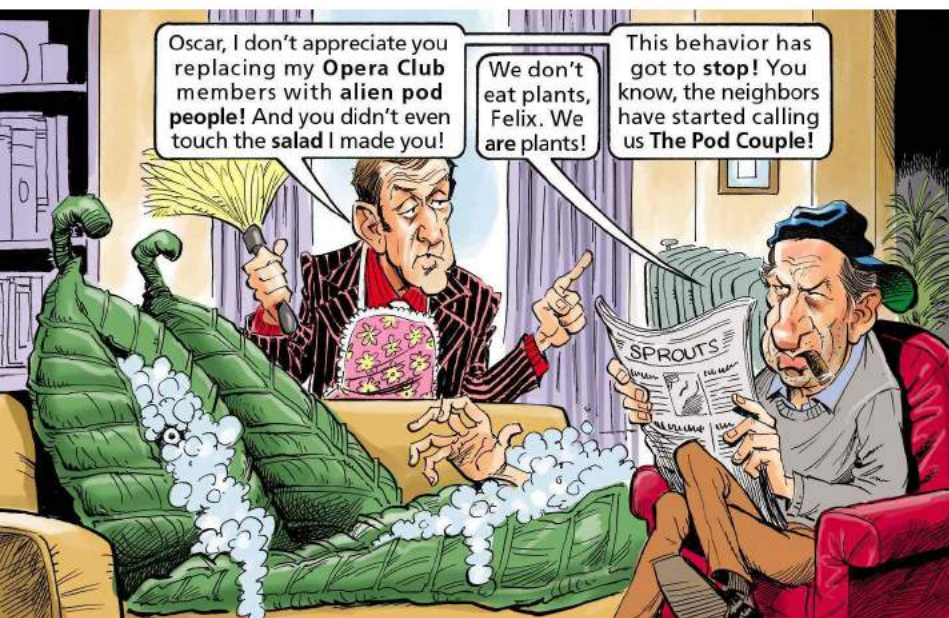
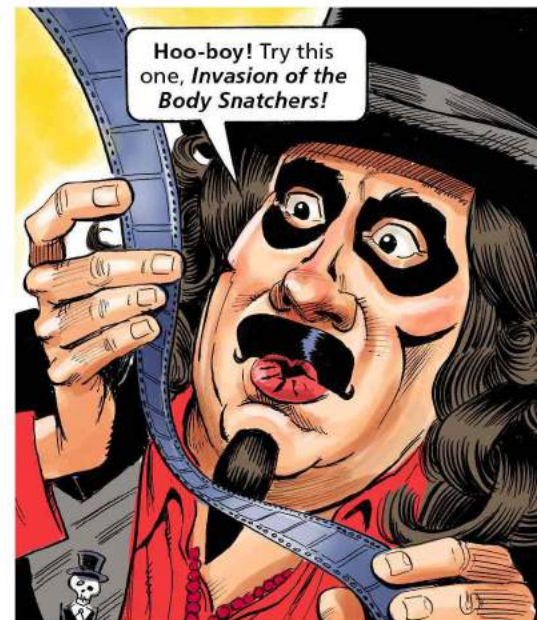
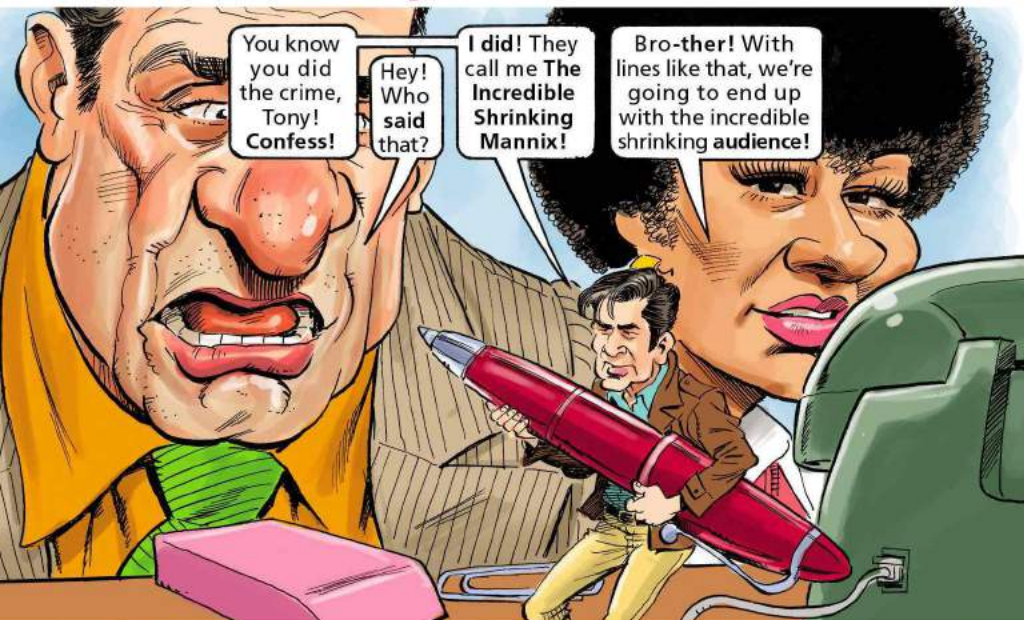








Disney sets painfully unrealistic expectations. No dogs will eat my spaghetti.



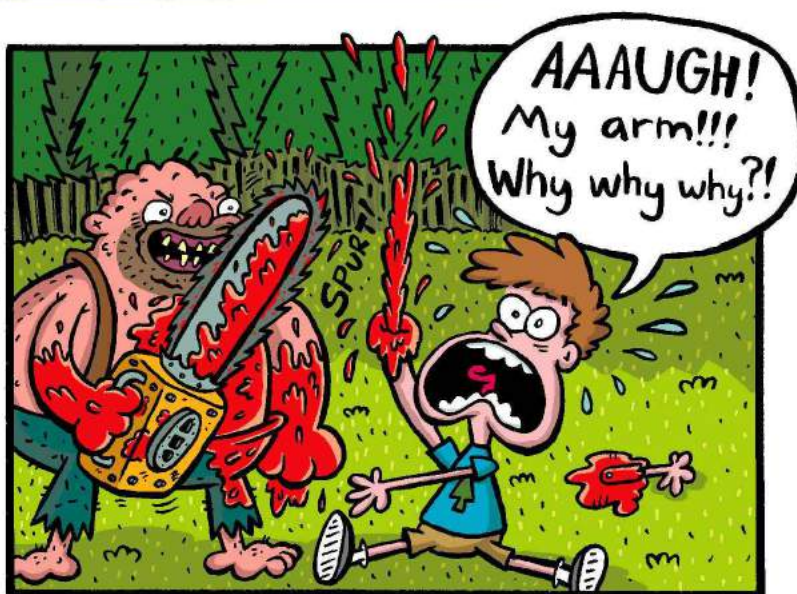








# A SLASHER MOVIE SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE







Celebrate the only effective statement out of the Oval Office since Trump trundled into the presidency: Melania's fashion! Our occasional First Lady of the White House has made her mark on hearts across the nation with her poise, compassion, and **pretty clothes**! Our sartorial stylist Sina Grace predicts what inspired looks Melania will wear in 2019 to do her part in making America look great again!

# MELANIA TRUMP PAPER DOLL





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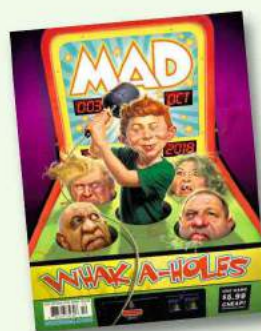
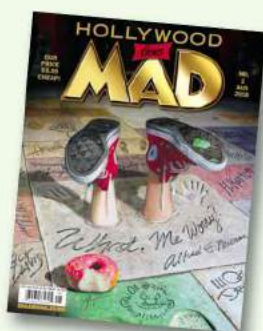
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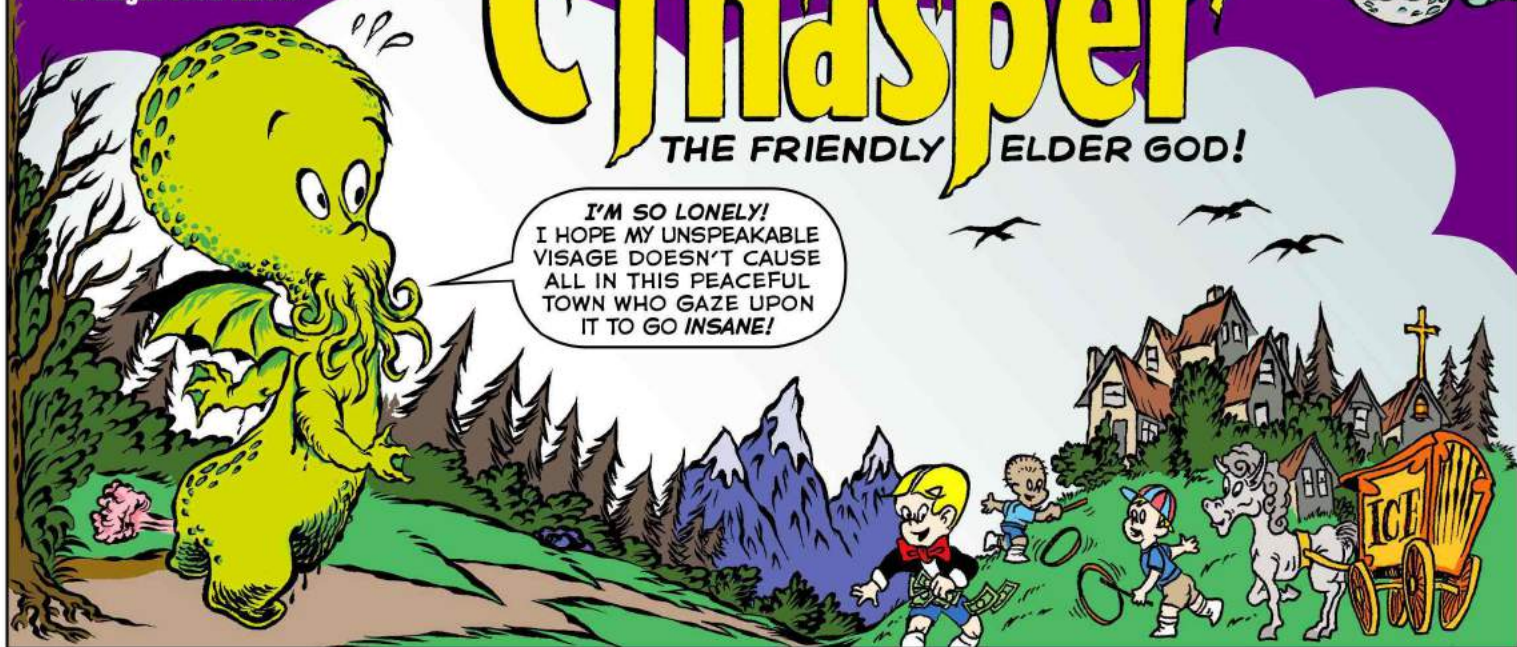
LOVECRAFT ACTUALLY DEPT.

What if H.P. Lovecraft wrote  
children's comics?  
It might look like...

# Cthasper

THE FRIENDLY ELDER GOD!

I'M SO LONELY!  
I HOPE MY UNSPEAKABLE  
VISAGE DOESN'T CAUSE  
ALL IN THIS PEACEFUL  
TOWN WHO GAZE UPON  
IT TO GO INSANE!



I'M IN LUCK!  
THERE ARE SOME  
CHILDREN PLAYING!

WILL YOU  
BE MY  
FRIENDS?



AN ELDER  
G-G-G-GOD!



WRITER PETER-JOHN BYRNES ARTIST NICK "THE HAT" GUCKER





STINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK DEPT.

Please put on your headsets and let me, **Maria Bamford**, take you on a museum tour of some of the most famous works in art history! Ancient censors removed extremely important gestures in order to please more delicate tastes of the time. But I have restored these glorious...

# STINK LINES

# THROUGH ART HISTORY

That's right, nearly every important piece of art that has **ever** existed used to have big ol' nasty stink lines! Also, I've got a little gas, so breathe through your mouth—or get to **know** me better.

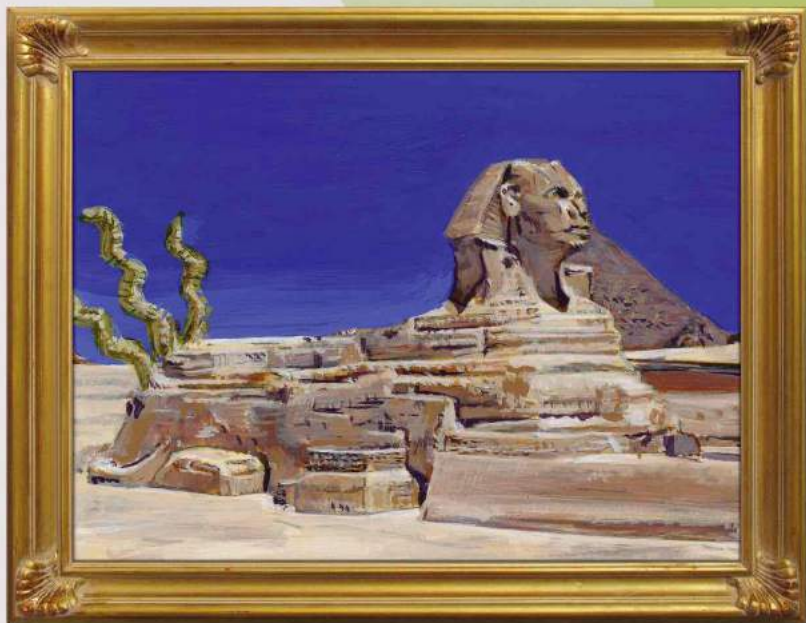
**MRRRK**... My butt just said, "Hail, Caesar!" to the kale Caesar I had... Ahem. **FIRST**, I present these hunting scenes from 16,000 BC, painted in the vibrantly dank caves of Pech Merle. **Behold** the putrid carcasses, seeming to **leap** at you! The artists were **cavewomen** with a stink-line vocabulary developed during prehistoric child-care duties. Too bad the humidity caused by mouth-breathing **cavemen** made them drip away! I have personally re-added these stink lines out of respect for the ancients.

PFFT



WRITER **MARIA BAMFORD** ARTIST **SCOTT MARVEL CASSIDY**





**The Great Sphinx of Giza** was believed to have been built between 2,558 and 2,532 BC...

**UMF...** keep a safe distance. I just went vegan this afternoon! This behemoth **Lion with Human Head** was believed to include a cat-like **litter box area**, but sadly, the litter box and vertically engineered stone stink lines were stolen by **Napoleon's army**, who thought they looked like french fries. **Poutine le merde!**

Here's a **Seurat**—known to his friends as **Seurat the Dot** for his **pointillism**! As an homage to his dog, **Le Stinque**, Seurat crafted this generalized waving effect.

**OOPH!** I just DJ Khaled that kale Caesar. Anyhows, initially Seurat had entitled the work "**Odeur Mal Du Mon Ami, Le Stinque**," but the buyer requested that all signs of the cur's pungency be dotted out with background color. It was retitled "**Bathers at Asnières**." Which...come on, that's **a lot** less catchy.



FLURP



**AH-HERM...** IBS is no BS! Now, **Auguste Rodin's** lover, fellow artist **Camille Claudel**, suggested Rodin sculpt stink lines emanating from this statue's testicles. When Claudel got sick of Rodin's real-life rank junk, Rodin swept away her influence. She died in obscurity despite being Rodin's equal, while Rodin became **a legend**! Note the elegant marble waves our restoration department has added here as a deliberate **insult** to his memory.



POOT







LOST & FOUND



Now it's time to **mix things up!** And, say, what's *that* smell? Oh! It's the art world's **racism and sexism** that continues to **this day!**

Here we see a portrait of **Lois Mailou Jones** by my husband, Scott Marvel Cassidy! The reason you need to **Google her right now** is that the super-stinky art establishment **rejected** her work. She had to have **white artists** submit it for her. That's right, her stink lines are **CONCEPTUAL!**

BRPRT

And here's self-taught artist **Horace Pippin**, unrecognized until after death, a veteran never appreciated by his country. He said, "The war brought out all the art in me." And **your art** brought out the righteous, sphincter-clenching rage in **me**, Horace!

**TOOTY-TOOT TOOT!**

Yeah, I RAGE-farted. Look this shit up! And yes, I'm a *wealthy white lady* yelling about *privilege!*

Outsider art, indigenous art, differently abled artists... all are **overlooked** by billionaires who crown mostly *white males*. In 2017 only 30 percent of the artists at the Vienna Biennale (the world's most influential art festival) were women. Only 39 percent weren't white. Try wavin' your snooty little hands at **that** cloud. It ain't goin' **nowhere!**



## GIFT SHOP



And now everyone's favorite stop on the tour...**THE GIFT SHOP**, which stinks of the illusion that **you** are supporting the arts, when museums are mostly funded by billionaire corporations. Oh wait, this isn't one of **those**—it's a **little gallery** I made myself in an abandoned apiary. And **this** is just an exit.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to use the powder room! I've got a **peekaboo yam** on the docket!



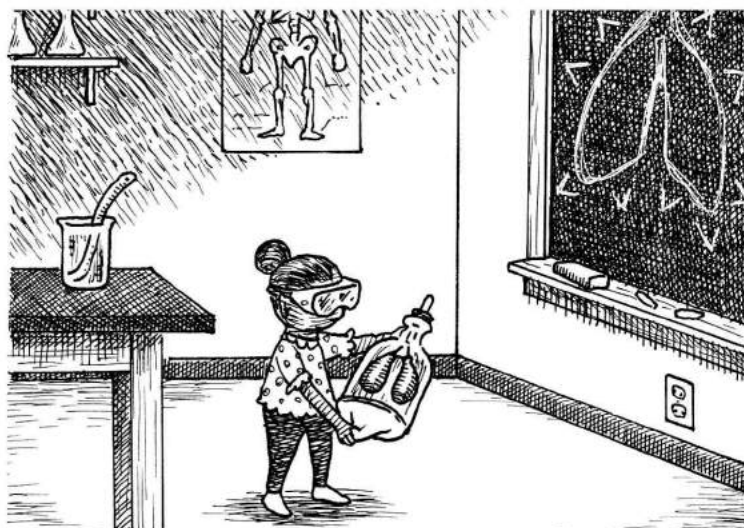


In the classic and twisted ABC book *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, illustrator Edward Gorey famously killed off 26 children in alphabetical order—one death for each letter. Each unfortunate event was as different as it was gothic—the characters were dispatched by every method imaginable, including bears, trains, and falling statues.

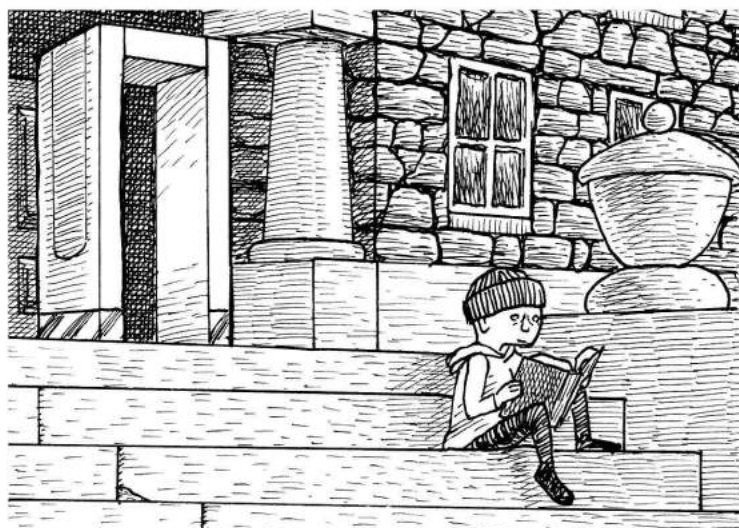
Sadly, times have changed and there's basically one way that most kids seem to die now. With that in mind, we solemnly present...

# THE GHASTLYGUN TINIES

WRITER MATT COHEN ARTIST MARC PALM



A is for ALICE the young science wiz



B is for BRIAN cramming for a quiz



C is for CONNOR in his English class

D is for DANA who had a hall pass





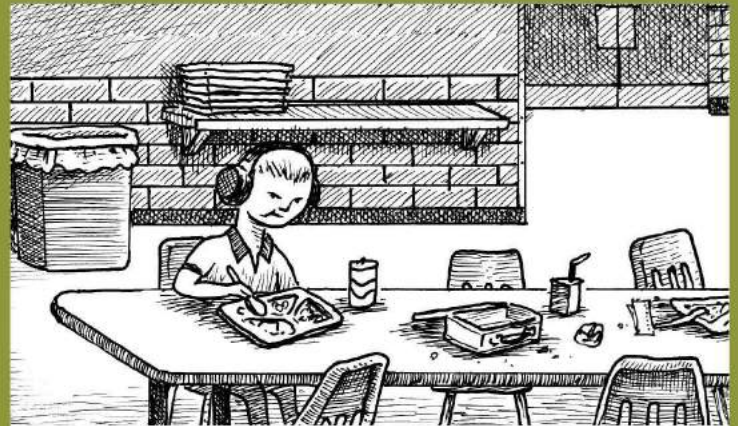
E is for EVE who's idealistic



F is for FRANK, more than a statistic



G is for GREG who was caught unawares



H is for HIRO who needs more than prayers



I is for IKE learning Shakespeare by rote



J is for JULIE who's too young to vote

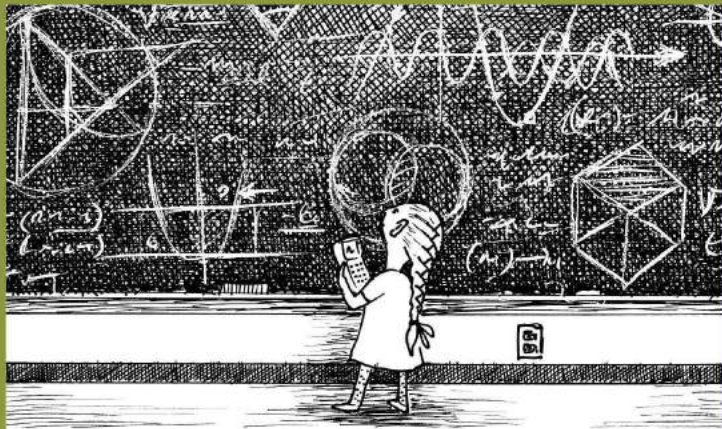


K is for KARA who's weary today



L is for LIAM reading Hemingway





M is for MEGAN who's studying math

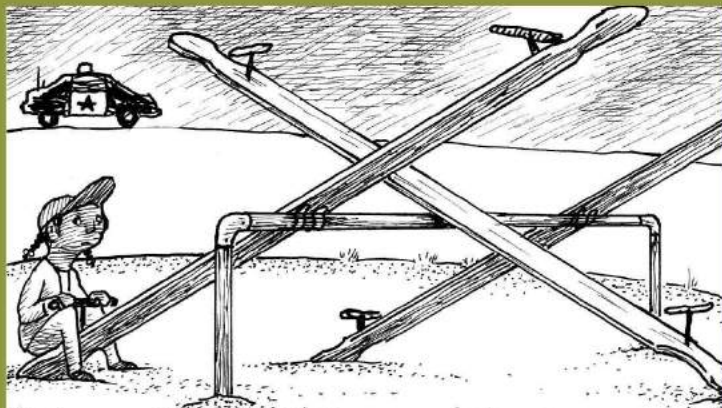


N is for NATHAN who's caught in the path



O is for OWEN learning about states

P is for PAULA protecting classmates



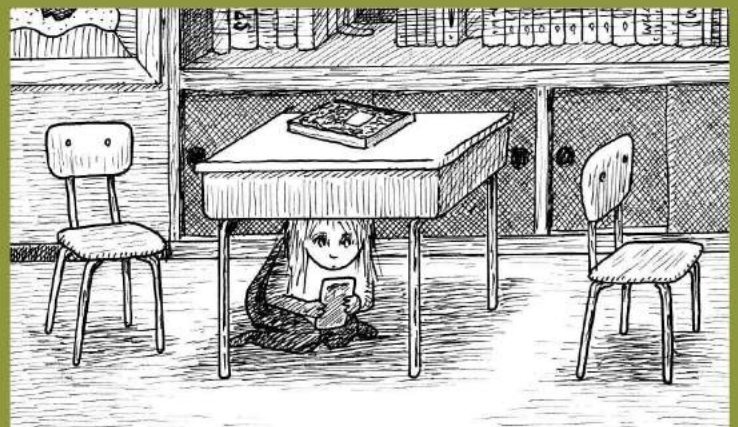
Q is for QUINN whose life had just begun



R is for REID, valued less than a gun



S is for STEPHEN who's planning for prom

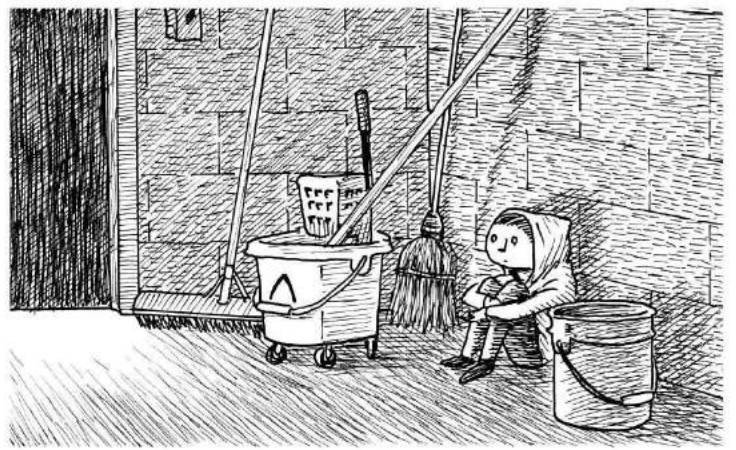


T is for TINA who's texting her mom

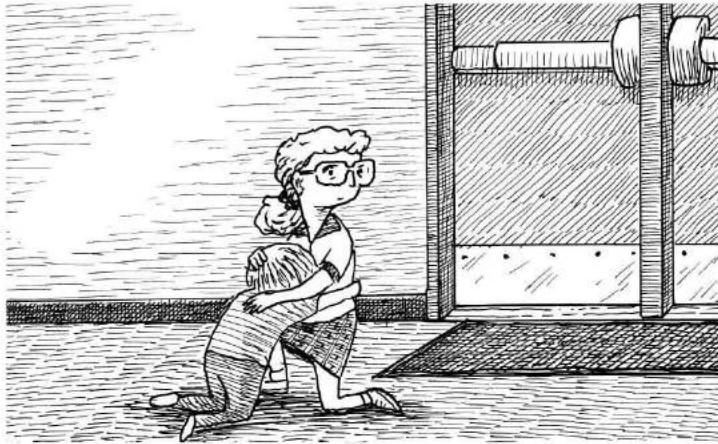




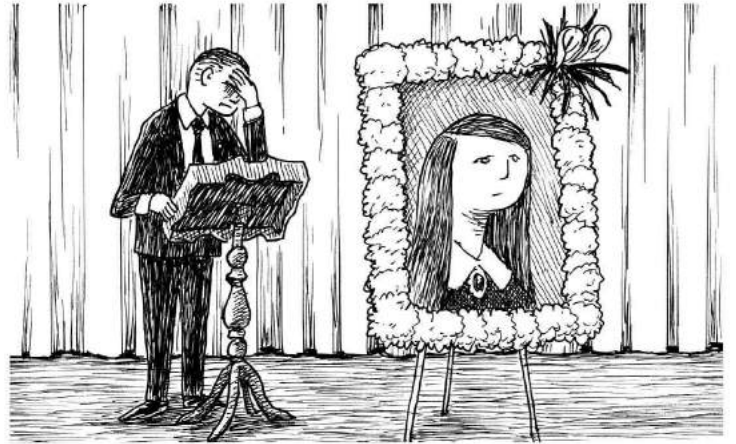
U is for UNA who ID'ed his face



V is for VINCENT who's sheltered in place



W is for WENDY, kind beyond belief



X is for XENA whose dad's crushed by grief



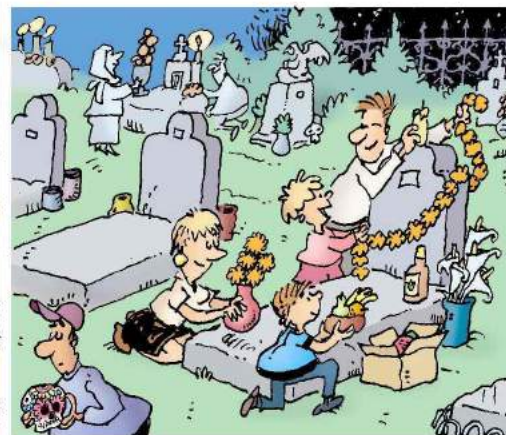
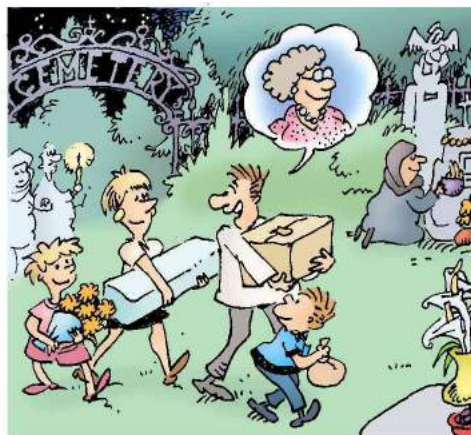
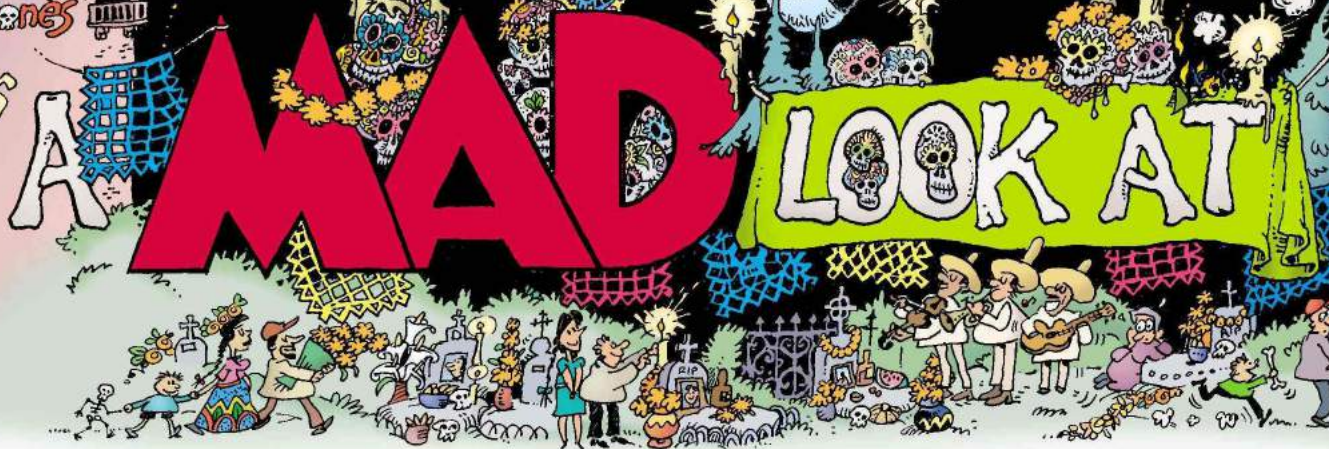
Y is for YURI whose time has now passed



Z is for ZOE who won't be the last

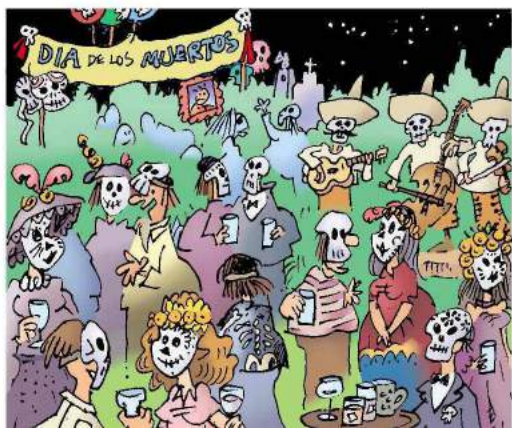


Sergio Aragonés  
PRESENTS

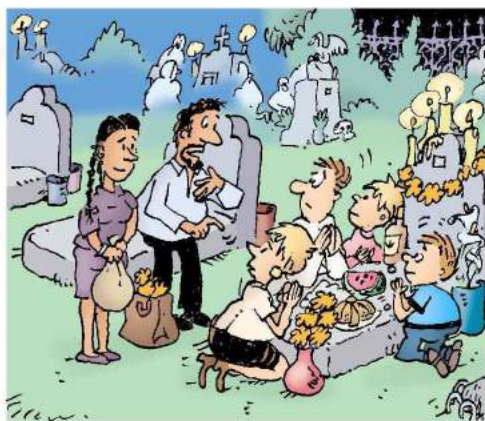
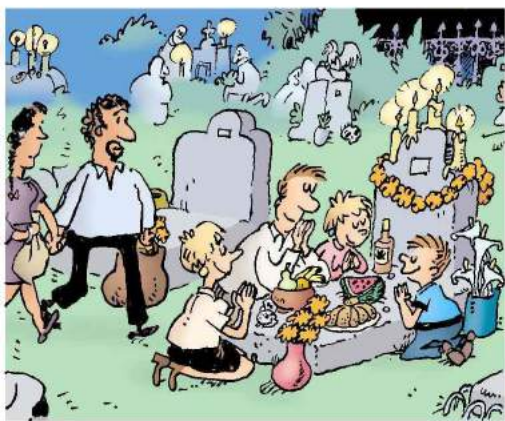
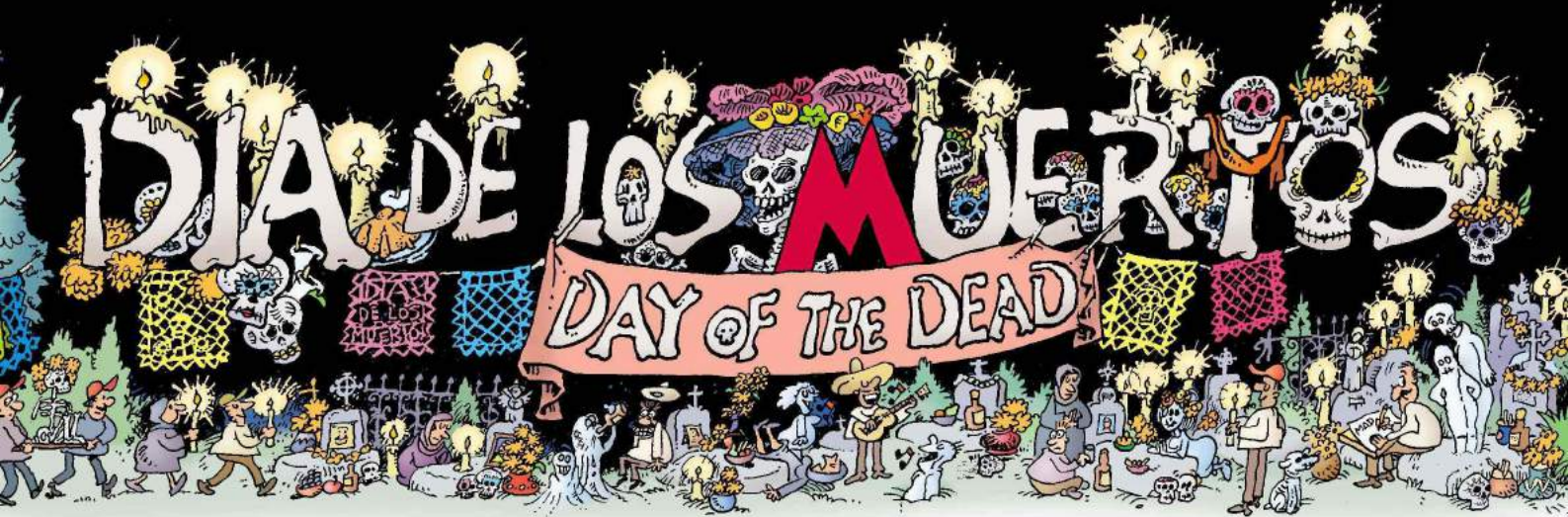


WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**

COLORIST **TOM LUTH**



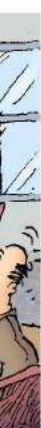
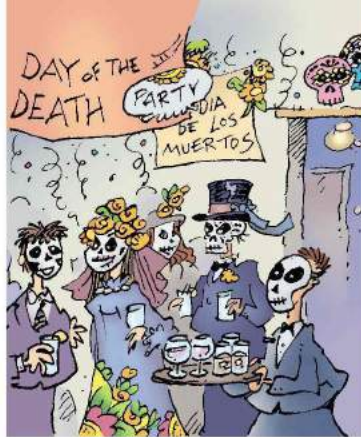












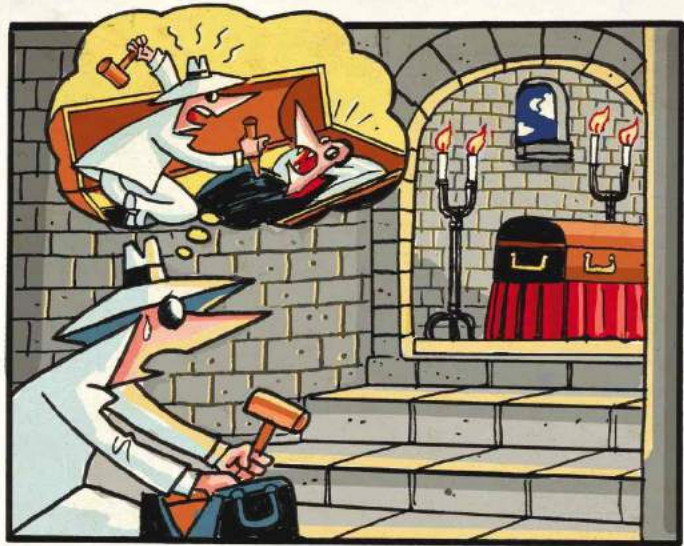
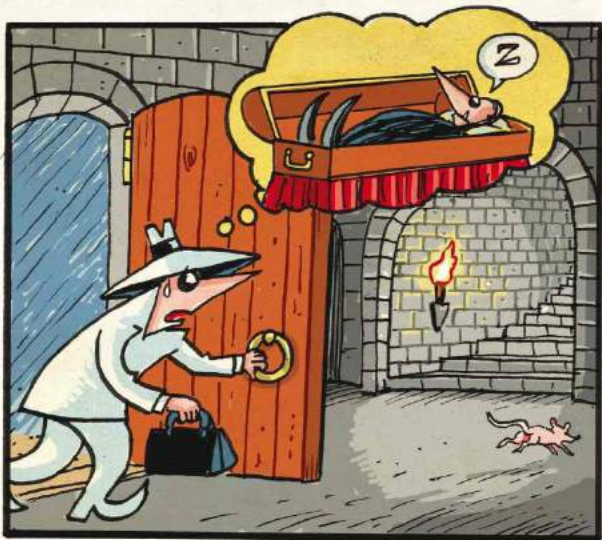




K&S vs SPY









[illegible]



# TRICK OR TREATING

WRITER & ARTIST TOM BUNK







# THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in The Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

## WHAT, ME EVIL?

by Gris Grimly

I grew up in a conservative home ruled by old-time religion. This is a treacherous path for any juvenile to tread, especially in the '80s, when so much materialism was unvirtuous. MAD Magazine was no exception. MAD was decadent eye candy for prepubescent boys like me who were drawn to artistic media—and it was forbidden due to its ability to corrupt young minds. So I had to sneak down to the liquor store after school, and for the “cheap” price of \$1.35 (which was often paid with loose change) I could go home with a brand-new, slightly fingered issue of MAD. I would hide this contraband in my camouflage backpack, between my math and phonics books. Once in my room, I would indulge in satirical comic genius.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, MAD issues would be the most important educational books of my youth. These were my first instructors in the school of art. Jack Davis taught me that shape language can be exaggerated and yet realistic. Don Martin taught me to bend feet and fan fingers. Mort Drucker taught me that the art of caricature is as much in the hands as it is in the face. And Spy vs. Spy taught me to trust no one. Now that I'm an adult, I look back and agree 100 percent with my mom. MAD did corrupt my mind. But it also made me the artist I am today.

GRIS GRIMLY is an award-winning illustrator best known for his “macabre” yet humorous books for children and young adults. For almost 20 years, his distinctive style and wide selection of mediums have captivated a variety of loyal fans worldwide. Outside of the publishing world, he has contributed his unique vision to film, animation, apparel design, and consumer products. [grisgrimly.com](http://grisgrimly.com)



G. GRIMLY



52¢

ANNOYED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
CAS  
ABSURDITY

THE

# POTRZEBIE

OF FEAR

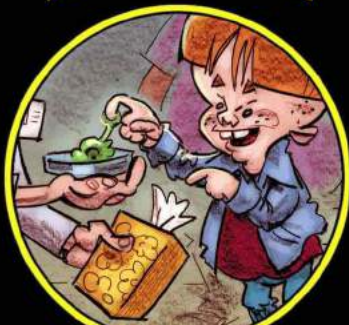
FEATURING...



PATERNAL COMPLIANCE!



GASTRO DEFIANCE!



WEIRD SCIENCE!

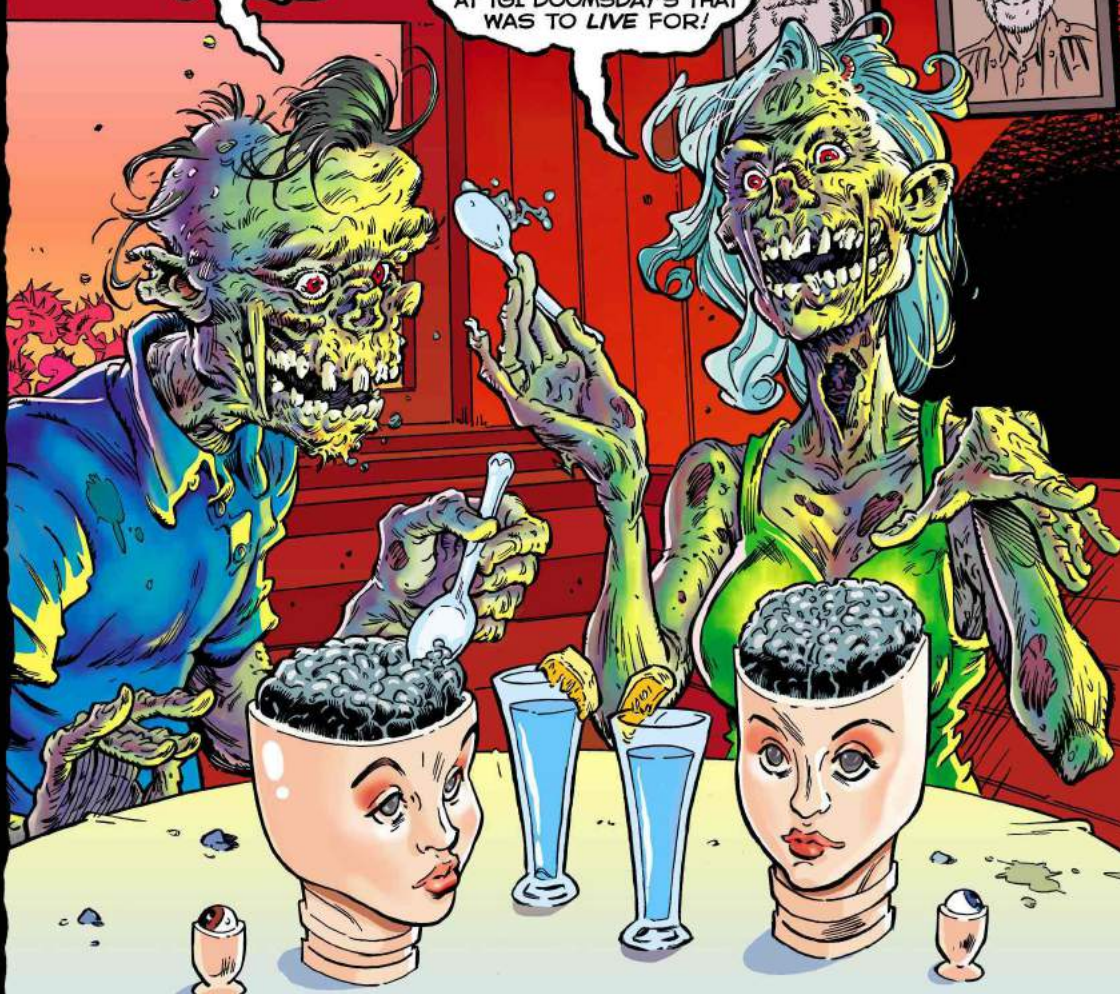
PLUS

NOT  
IN THIS  
ISSUE-

## VEGAN ZOMBIES!

MMMM...THIS  
NEW "BEYOND BRAINS"  
GRAY MATTER SUBSTITUTE  
IS KICKASS!

MEH,  
IT'S OKAY. I HAD A  
BLACK BRAIN BURGER  
AT TGI DOOMSDAY'S THAT  
WAS TO LIVE FOR!



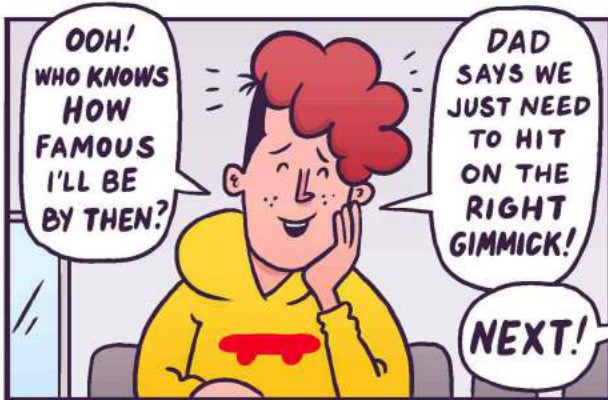
ARTIST JOHN LUCAS  
COLORIST NATHAN KANE

The conclusion of **THE SCHLEPPING DEAD!** (Only in select Transylvania editions of Potrzebie Comics)

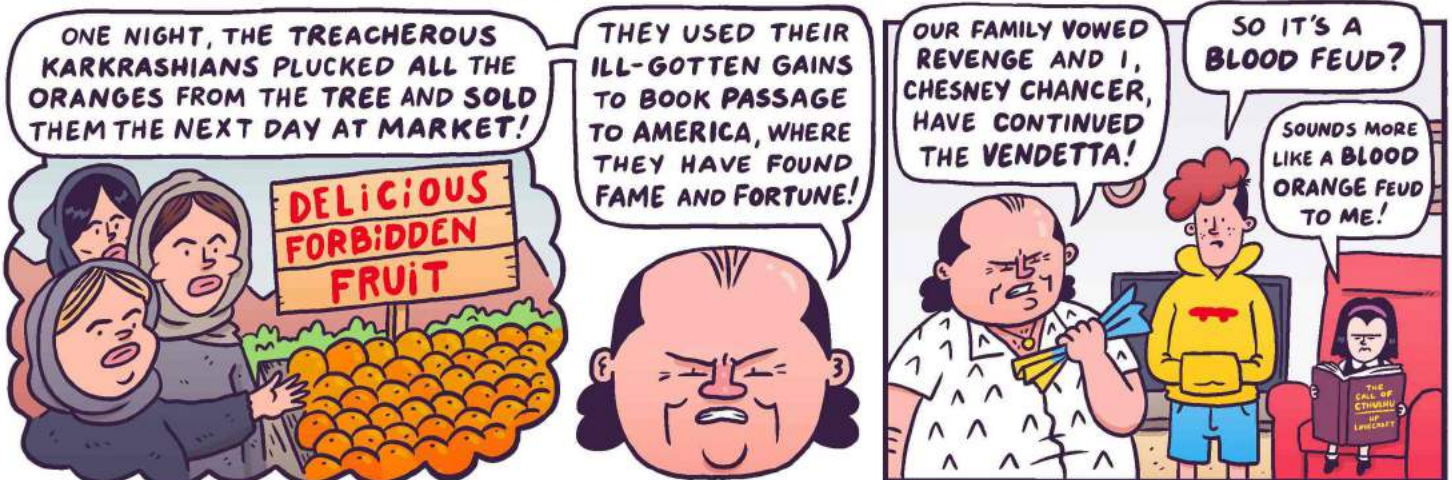
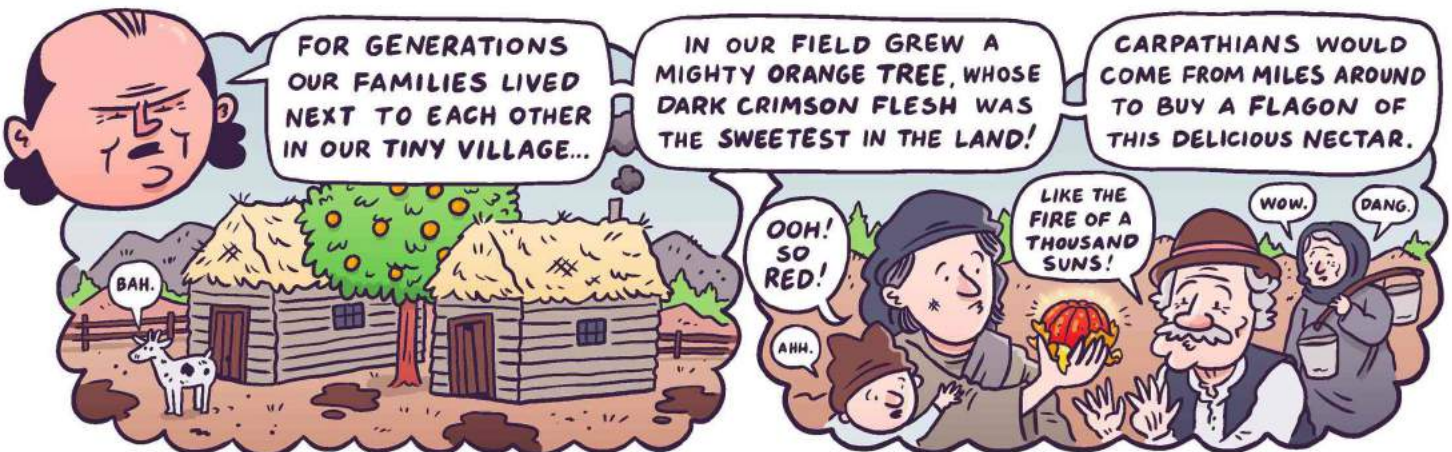
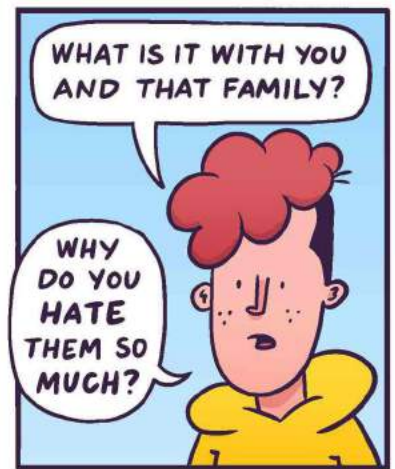
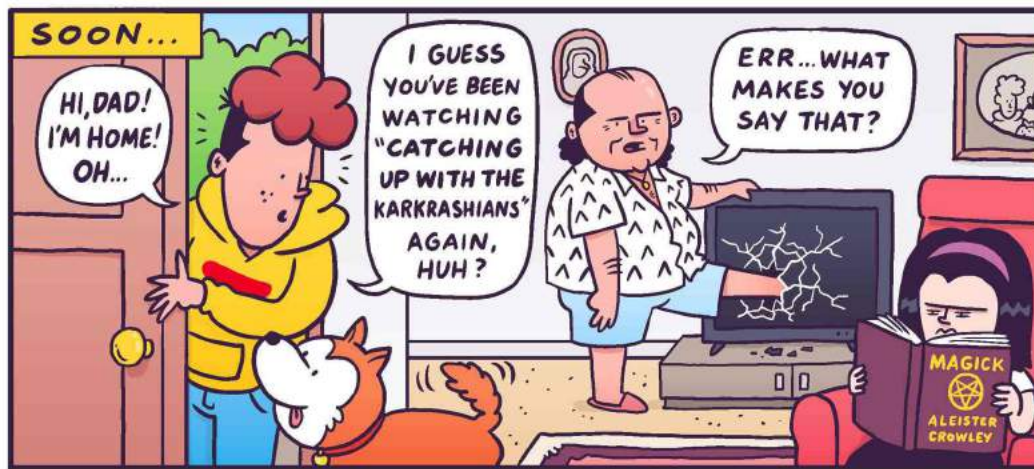


# THE★CHANCERS★

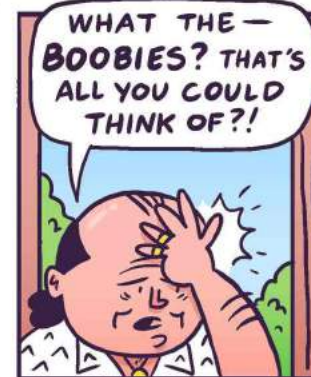
BY LUKE MCGARRY













SEVERAL VIOLENT VERSES LATER...

GRAB MY HEATER AND GET THE DROP,  
DO A 187 ON AN UNDERCOVER COP!

★☠️⚡️🌀  
THE POLICE!!

\*BLINK\*

\*PANT\*  
\*PANT\*

NOT NOW, PUMPKIN ... DADDY'S BUSY.  
BE A GOOD GIRL AND DO SOME  
COLORING OR SOMETHING.

PAT  
PAT

I CAN'T!!  
J.B. ATE MY  
CRAYONS!!!

IT'S NOT MY  
FAULT!

THEY SMELLED  
LIKE STRAWBERRIES!

GIVE  
ME  
STRENGTH.

DAD...

MR. BISCUITS  
IS SCRATCHING  
AGAIN.

WIKKI-  
WIK-WAK  
WAW!

YOU KNOW, DOGS DOING  
CLEVER TRICKS IS THE  
BIGGEST THING ON  
THE INTERNET NOW!

WIKKI  
WIK

OF COURSE!  
HOW COULD  
I BE SO  
BLIND?!

IT WAS STARING  
ME IN THE FACE  
ALL ALONG!

SLAP!

WE'RE GONNA  
BE RICH!!!

THE NEXT DAY...

DAD, THE COLLAR  
IS CHOKING ME!

STOP WHINING  
AND START  
BARKING...

...AND MAKE  
IT SOUND LIKE  
YOU'RE SAYING  
"I LOVE YOU!"

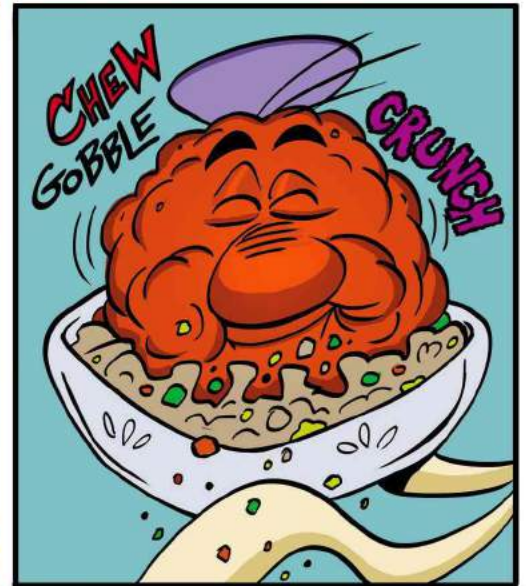
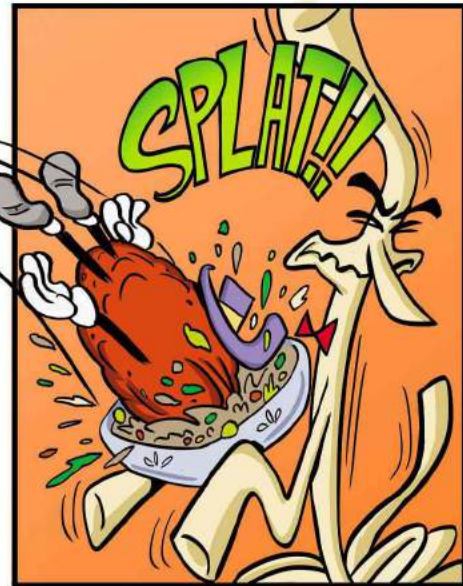
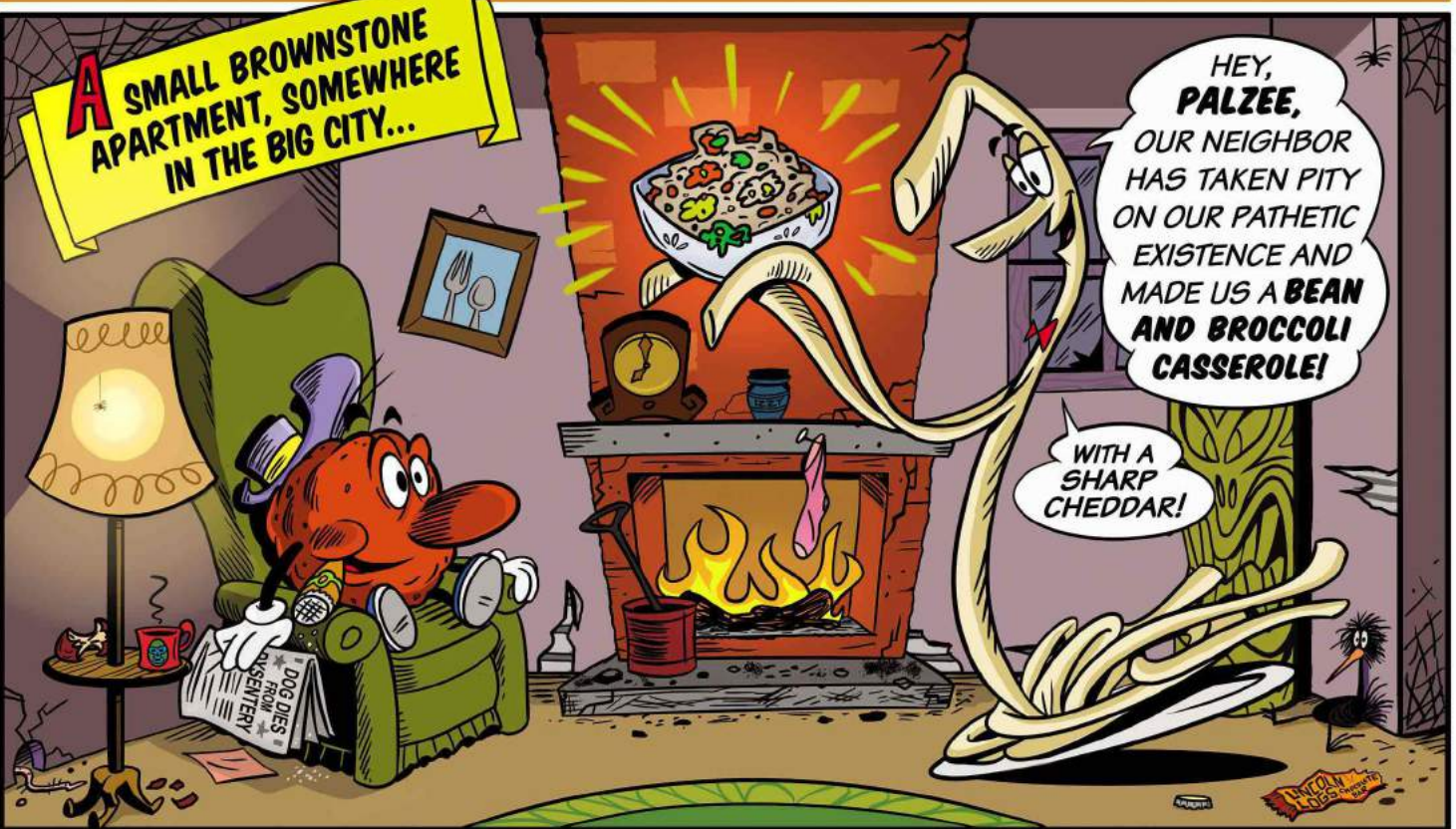
THE END



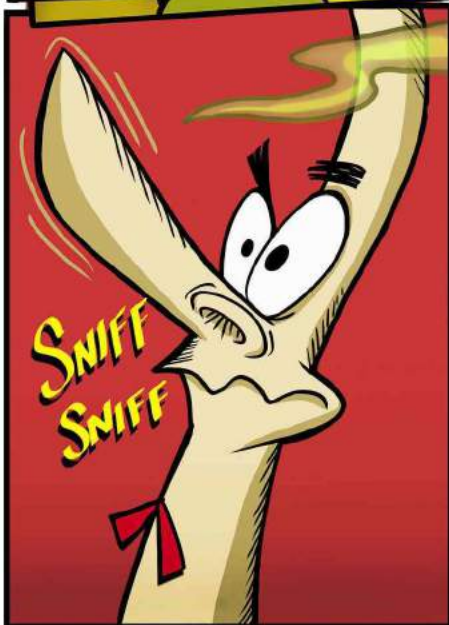
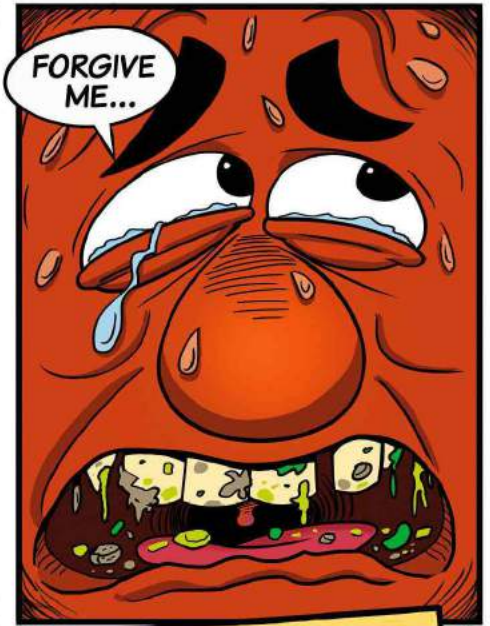


# Spaghetti & MEATBALL IN

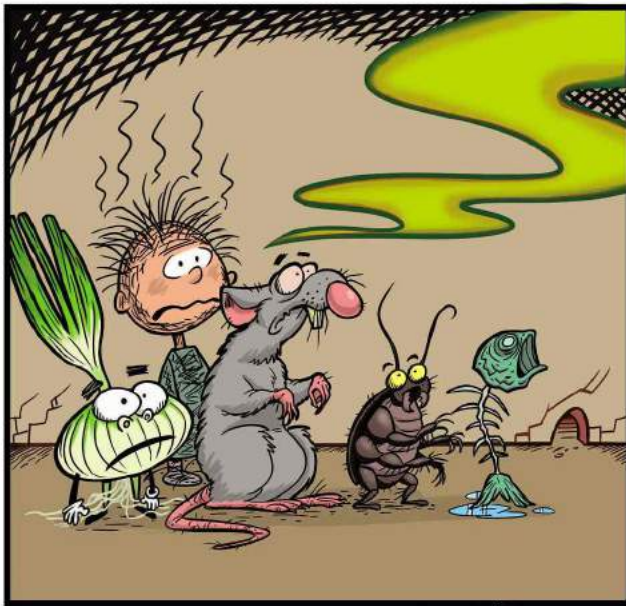
DON'T LIGHT THAT MATCH!













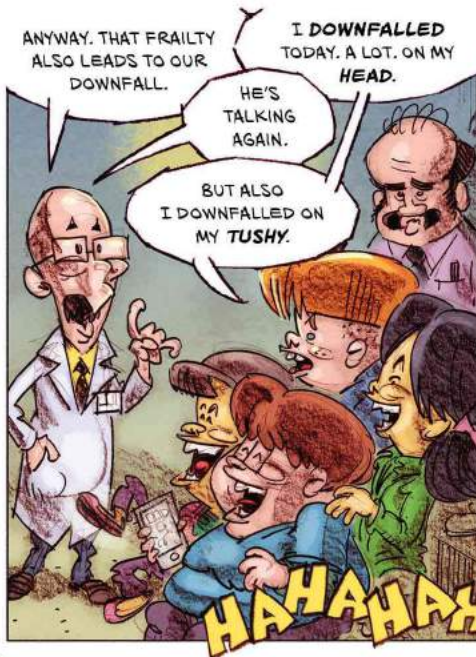
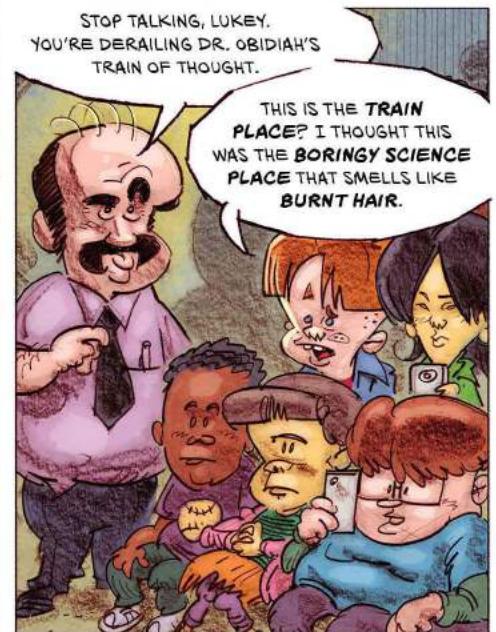
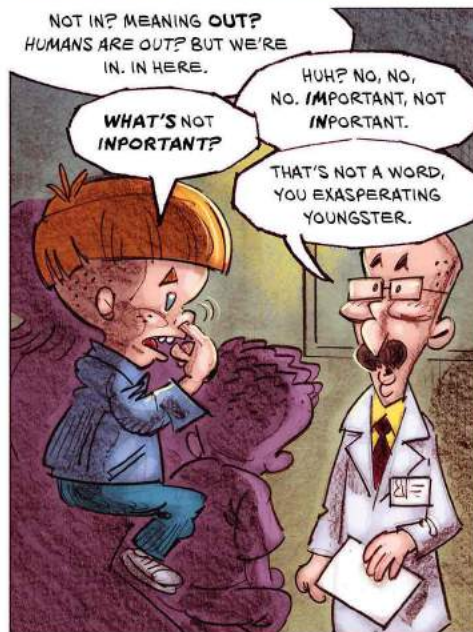




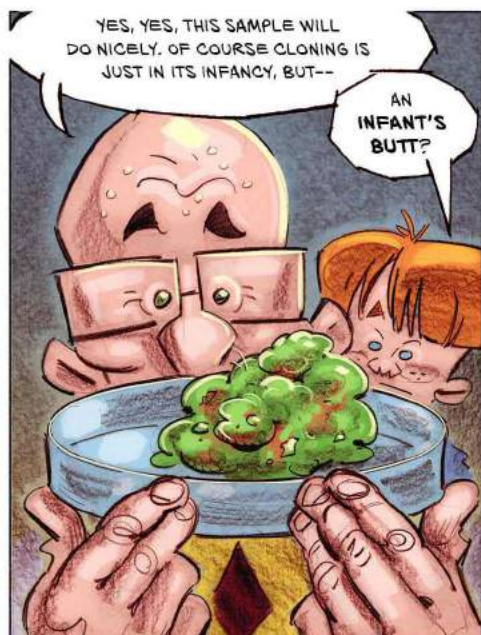
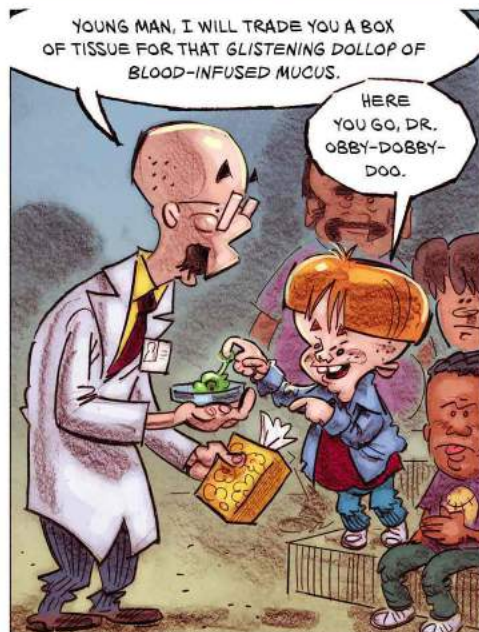
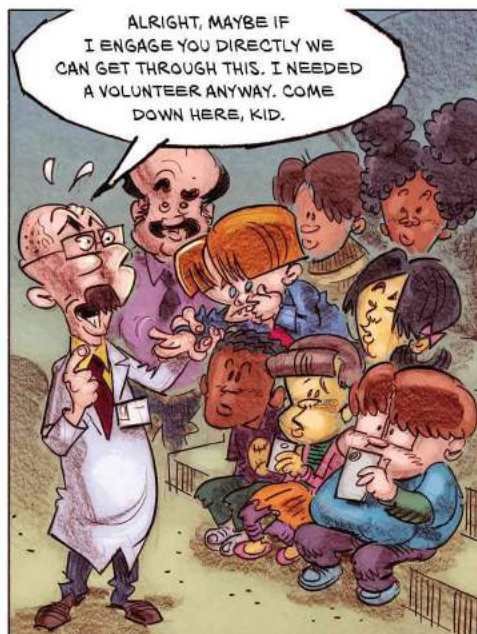
# LUKEY & MUKEY

WRITER & ARTIST **BOB FINGERMAN**

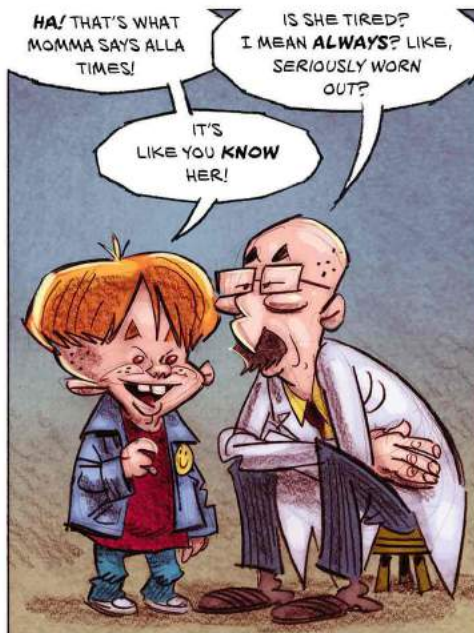
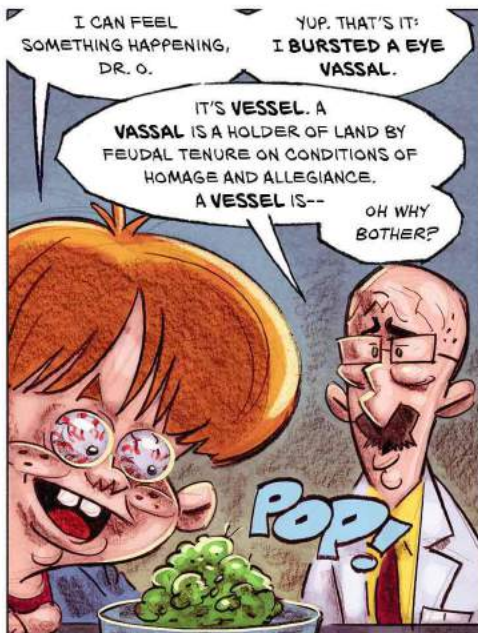
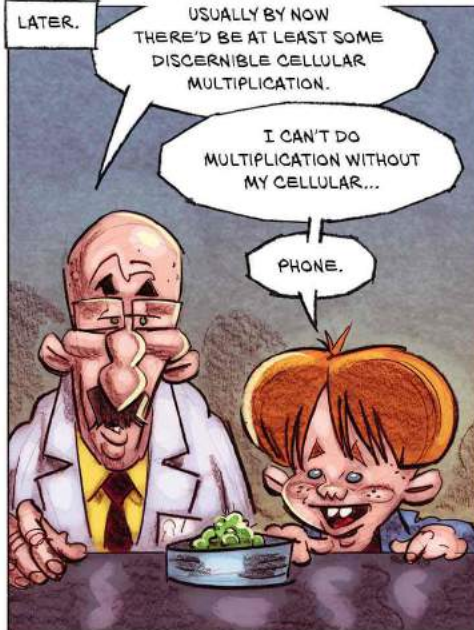
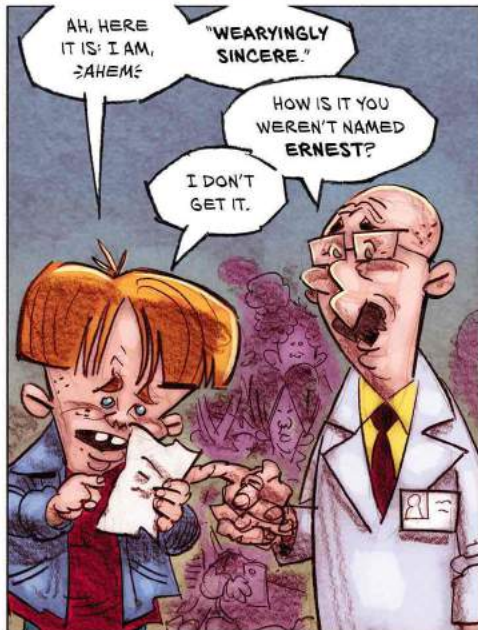
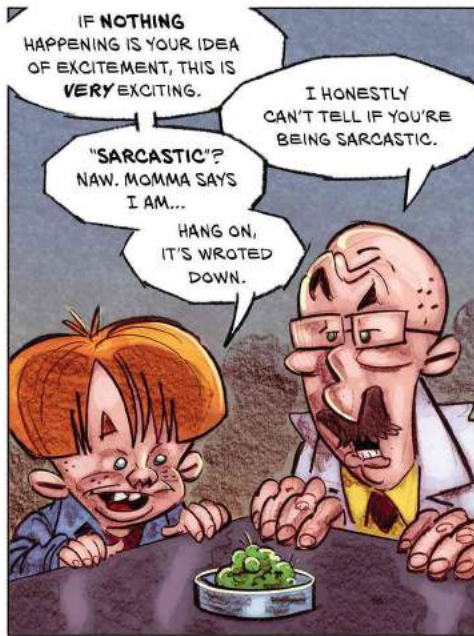
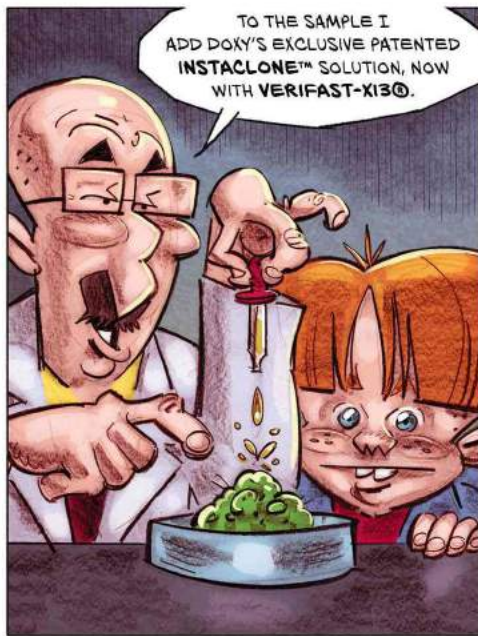
WHEN LAST WE LEFT OUR CONTINUING SAGA, FALL HAD FALLEN, WHICH MEANT FIFTH-GRADE SCIENCE TEACHER **MR. PAPADOPOULOS** HAD TAKEN HIS STUDENTS ON THEIR ANNUAL CLASS TRIP TO THE LABS OF CHEMICAL GIANT **DOXY-CROMWELL GOLDSUNG, INC.** WE JOIN THEM AS **DR. FREDERICK "HOT PEPPER" OBIDIAH** COMMENCES HIS LECTURE.



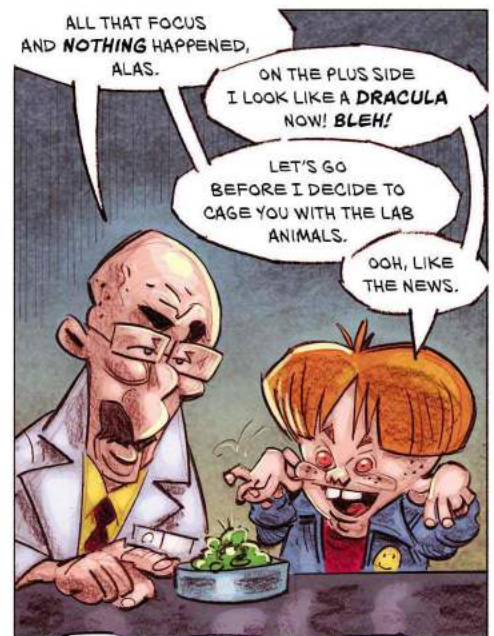




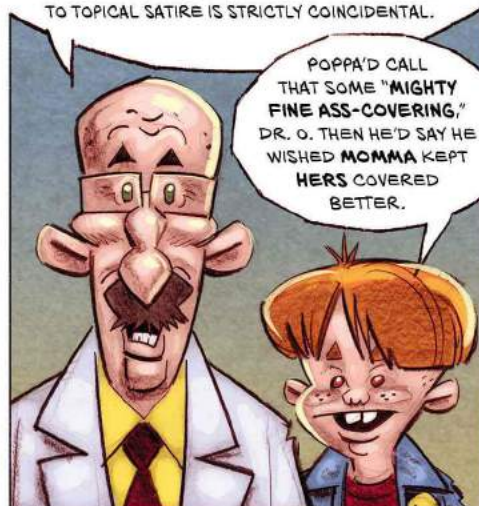






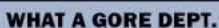


NO, NO. NOPE. NOT DOING SOCIAL RELEVANCE IN **THIS STRIP**. **DISCLAIMER:** ANY REFERENCE TO ONGOING MATTERS OF NATIONAL SHAME AND DISGRACE ARE BEST COVERED IN OTHER PARTS OF THIS SATIRICAL PUBLICATION. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO TOPICAL SATIRE IS STRICTLY COINCIDENTAL.



**NEXT: MAKE MINE MUKEY!**





## 2018

## 1978



2018



THE BOOGEYMAN IS GONNA GETCHA!

1978

## 1978



2018



## 1978



2018





## JUMP SCARES

AAAAAAAIIIIIEEEEE!!!



1978

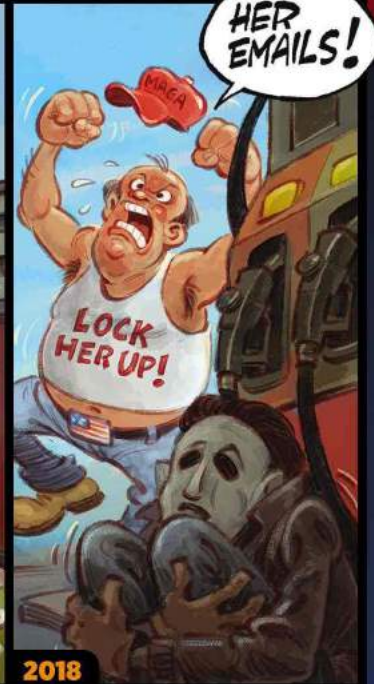


2018

## SMALL-TOWN FOLKS



1978



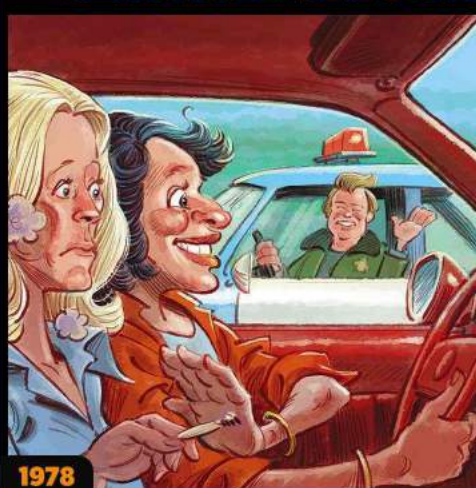
2018

## PHONES

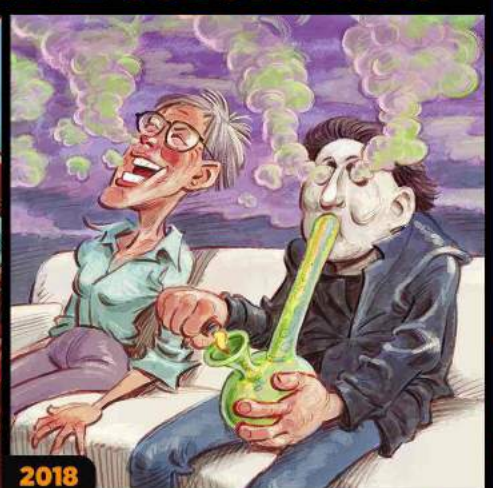


1978

## CERTAIN SMOKABLE SUBSTANCES



1978



2018



2018

## THE FINAL CHASE

THE FINAL CHASE IN THE ORIGINAL IS OVER TWENTY MINUTES LONG.



1978

THIS ONE WILL BE MUCH SHORTER.



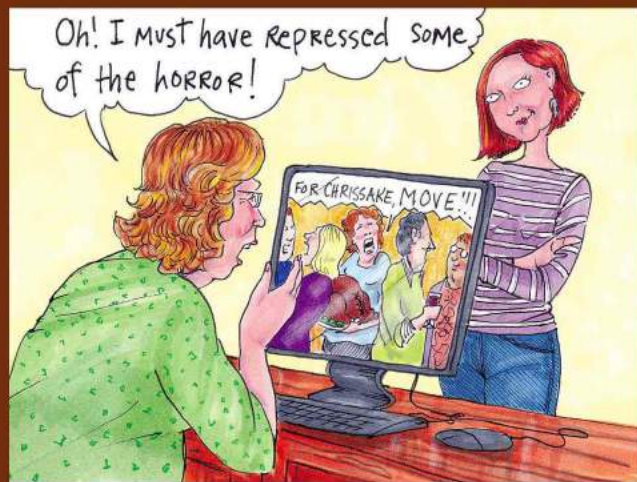
2018





Um, let's see, feels like leftover waffle fries—NO WAIT—MY sneaker inserts??

Pass the time while stuck in the heaviest traffic of the year by playing "What's this?" with all the crap in your backseat.



Oh! I must have repressed some of the horror!

Get some footage of the hostess when she's at her most wiggled-out, then play it back if she talks about hosting again next year.



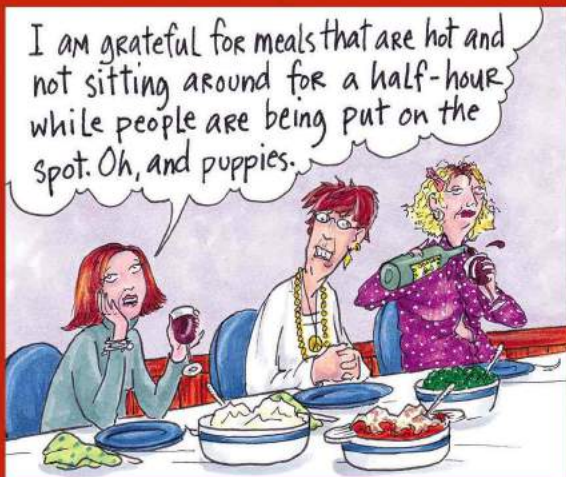
#### GET STUFFED DEPT.

The family, the football, the food...what's not to love about Thanksgiving? Well, for some, it's the family, the football...and a few other things that keep us from feeling gobs of gratitude. But don't worry: You'll want second helpings of all this holiday has to offer after reading...

LET'S  
HAVE

FUN

When your most hippy-dippy relative makes everyone go around and say what they're grateful for, give the winning answer.



I am grateful for meals that are hot and not sitting around for a half-hour while people are being put on the spot. Oh, and puppies.



@!~\* eating, Mother ~! @!~\* ball! ~! @!

Every time politics comes up, turn on your fake Tourette's.

And, Uncle Tito wins the fork-dropping bet with his predicted seven drops!



Turn that family member who's always hammered before dinner into a wagering opportunity.



Yeah, it's true, and they found, using high-frequency listening devices, that you can actually hear them scream when they are getting mashed.



When the vegan can't stop mentioning his yummy Tofurky, remind him of the article you read about how potatoes feel pain.



Download a thermal-camera app so you can capture all those post-pie farts.



# WITH WHAT YOU HATE ABOUT THANKSGIVING

WRITER & ARTIST TERESA BURNS PARKHURST



Avoid seeing everyone with their top button undone by surprising guests with complimentary sweatpants.

Use the ol' "butter fingers" excuse to get out of helping with cleanup.



After dinner, enjoy a round of "stuffing ball" with the folks who are passed out in the living room.





"WAITER—THERE'S NO FLY IN MY SOUP!"

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON



WRITER KIT LIVELY

ARTIST SCOTT NICKEL

## A GUIDE TO FEMINIST HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

WRITER ALISON STEVENSON

ARTIST BY A PERSON

### CACTUS

This costume lets you prevent unsolicited groping from drunken men and embrace your inner prickly bitch! A cactus is a lot like a woman: able to withstand harsh environments and needing a drink only now and then.

### CAT WOMAN

You're a woman of "marrying age" but considered a "spinster," while men your age are "bachelors." Spinsters must own at least three cats to properly match the stereotype. If that's you, proudly own it by wearing your felines like some sort of spinster pirate!

### WONDER WOMAN

To be this everyday woman who isn't afraid to wonder things like, "Hmm, why am I paid less for doing the same job as my male coworkers?", all you need is an inquisitive mind! Perfect for divas on a budget after spending too much on mascara. ("Hmm, why should women feel bad about our weak eyelashes?")

### MEDUSA

This gorgon literally slays! One of the first to challenge the male gaze, Medusa didn't only address the issue, she had a solution—turning men who looked at her into stone. Attaching live snakes to your skull might prove difficult, but worth it!

### THE FEMALE ORGASM

Many men don't think it exists! Use this depressing fact to your advantage by simply staying home from that Halloween party.



# HOW TO DEFEAT A WEREWOLF IN 2018



Make It watch a marathon of *Ballers*.



Ask it to remember its Yahoo password from 2009.

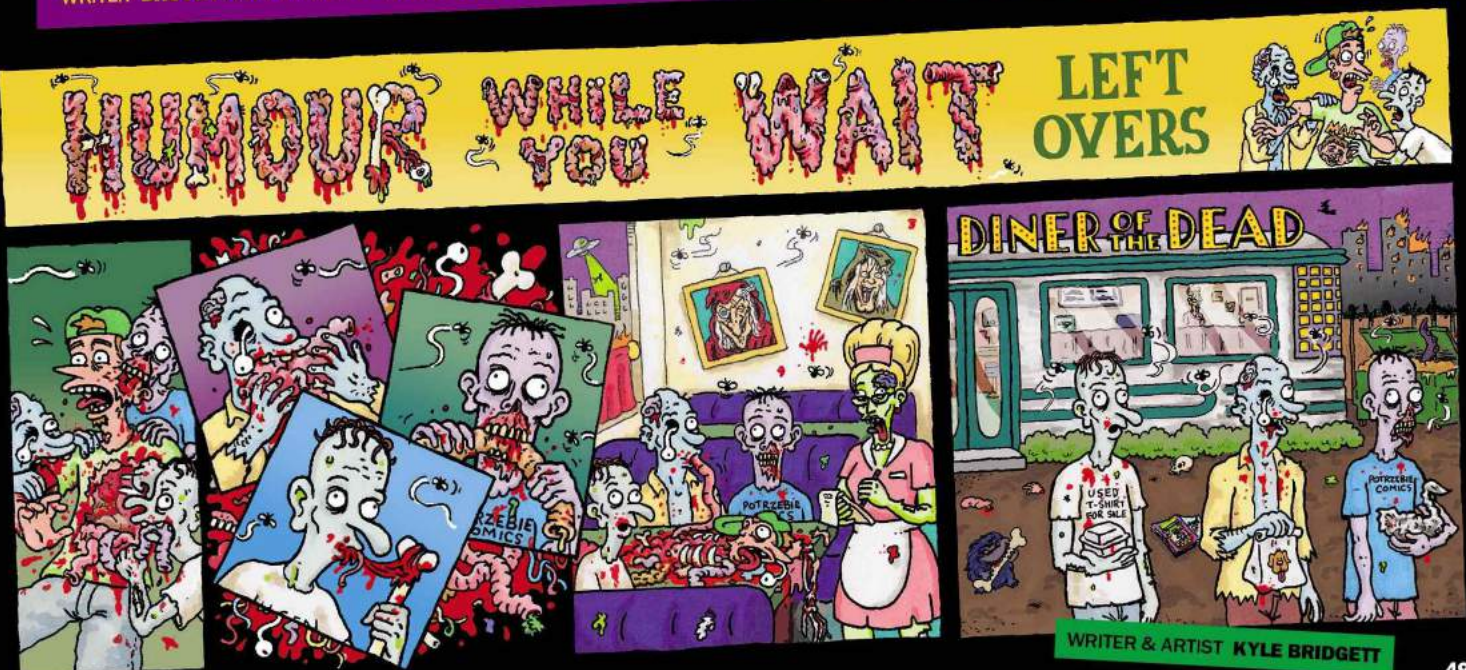


Buy it tickets to a Taylor Swift and Ed Sheeran concert.



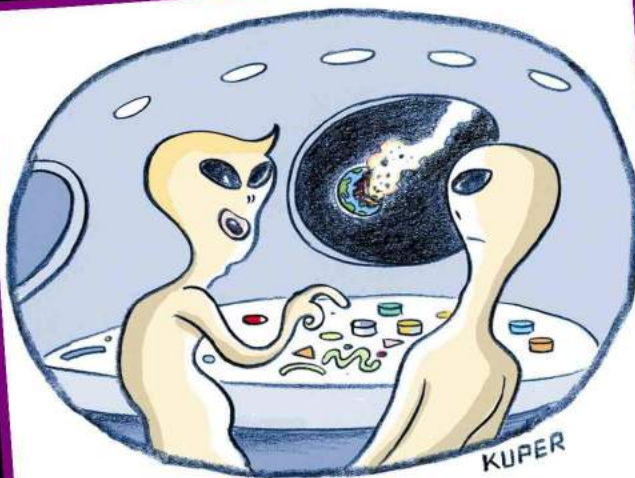
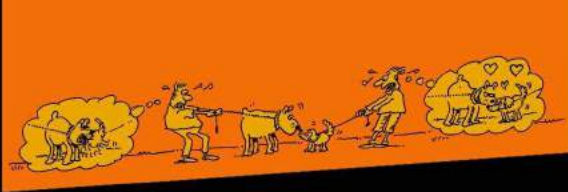
Sign It up for Twitter.

WRITER BROCKTON MCKINNEY ARTIST PAUL WEE



WRITER & ARTIST KYLE BRIDGETT

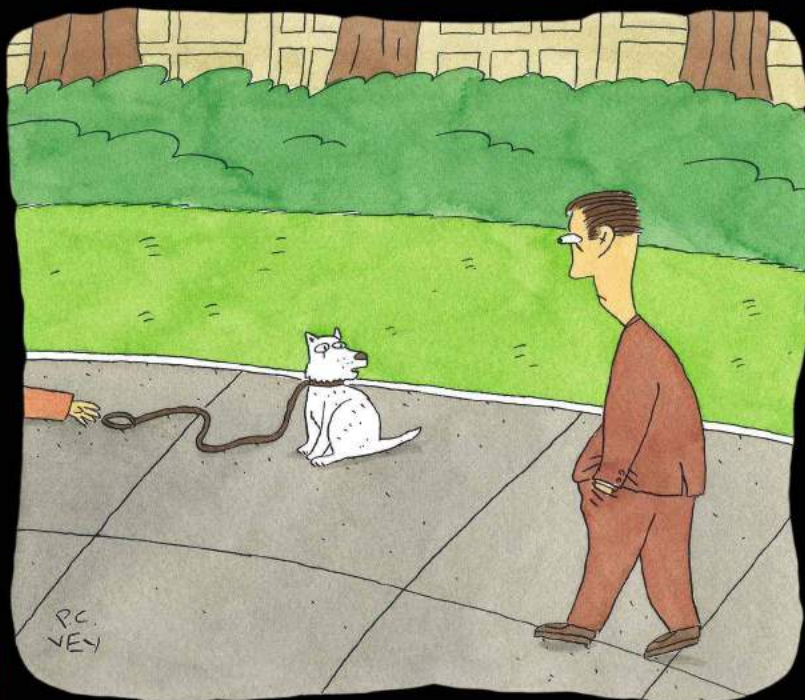




KUPER

"Cool! What's *this* button do?"

WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER



"DO YOU KNOW CPR OR HAVE ANY FOOD?"

WRITER & ARTIST P.C. VEY



WRITER & ARTIST STEVE MCGARRY



# MAKE YOUR OWN HALLOWEEN COSTUMES...CHEAP!



## Beloved Pokémon character **PIKACHU**

1. Ears: Disassemble propeller blades of German World War One Aviatik (don't settle for a Fokker!). Paint yellow with black tips.
2. Instead of makeup, develop dangerous levels of bilirubin by contracting cirrhosis, gallstones, or hepatitis—leading to a case of jaundice.
3. Paint pink circles on cheeks. Get ready to be part of the "all" that must be caught!



## Hey, kids, dress like **MICKEY MOUSE**

1. Mimic genetics experiment where they grew human ear on back of mouse, only volunteer at lab to do opposite—on your head.
2. Repeat Step 1 on other side of head.
3. Paint mouse ears black.
4. Hire army of super-lawyers for inevitable Disney lawsuit.



## Charlie Brown's best friend, **SNOOPY**

1. Capture perfect Snoopy white by obtaining sediment-free Antarctic glacier ice; sculpt to fit entire body.
2. Maintain freezing temperatures by "borrowing" array of supercooling equipment from semiconductor factory.
3. For little black nose, visit grocery store and demand to buy single charcoal briquette. If they make you buy whole bag, recruit 500 friends to also be Snoopy!



## Want to be breakout superhero **BLACK PANTHER?**

1. If you're white, don't do it.

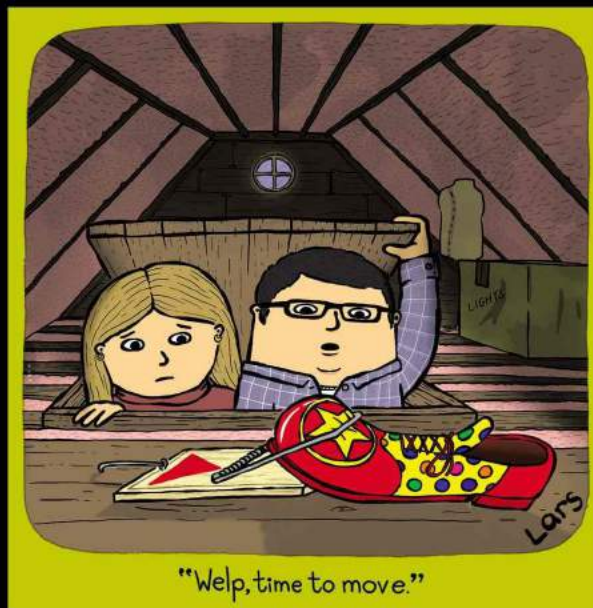
WRITER **ROB KUTNER**

ARTIST **TRAVIS MILLARD**



*Leave the bottle.*

WRITER & ARTIST **JASON CHATFIELD**



*"Welp, time to move."*

WRITER & ARTIST **LARS KENSETH**





## TYPE-A MAD FAN

The quality of your magazine has really gone down since 1975. The way it's set up has deterred vastly from its original format. Why? Computers!

**They've destroyed the Garden of Eden that was once MAD, and we readers have bit into the technological apple.**

I would like to request an issue of MAD be typed using typewriters. It would bring great pleasure.

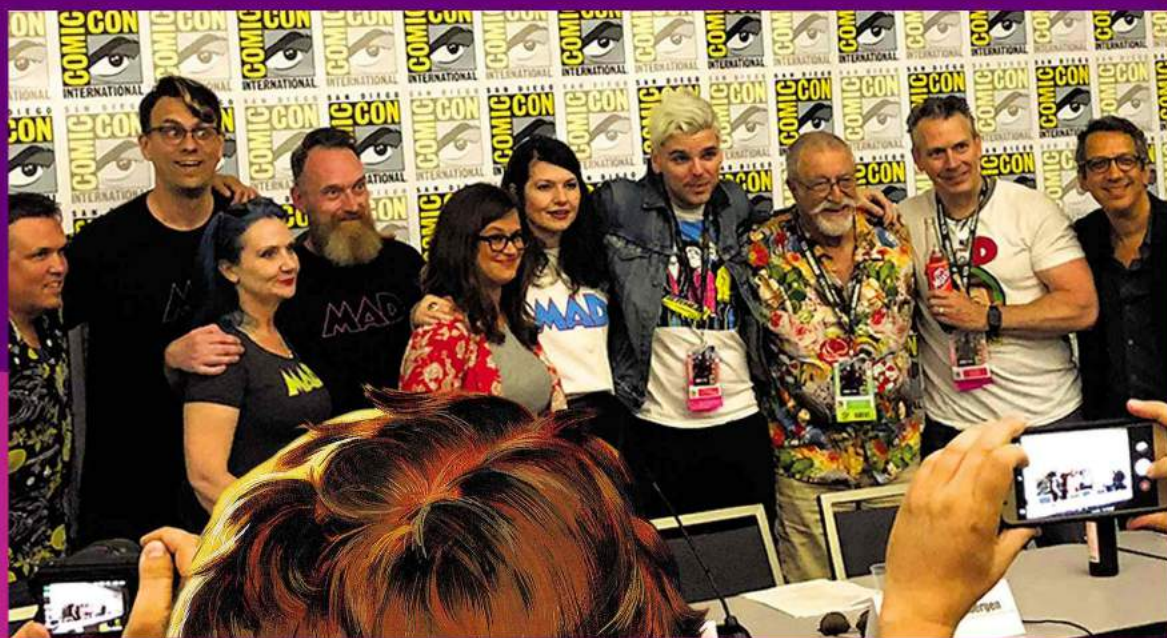
**Ren Houel, Avoca, MI**

Antiquated in Avoca—Uh, sure, we'll unearth our Underwoods and get on that...as soon as we finish crafting some Iran-Contra jokes and organizing our eight-track tape collection. But be prepared for an increase in cover price—as in, the price to cover a vat of Wite-Out and our proofreader's mental-health care!

**—Alex Taffer,  
MAD Intern and  
Chief Letter Answerer**

## MAD ABOUT SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON

A derisive ditty, a touching toast, a pie in the puss, and more were packed into MAD's Comic-Con panel (which included, from left to right: **Bill Morrison, Dan Telfer, Suzy Hutchinson, Doug Thomson, Allie Goertz, Paula Sevenbergen, Luke McGarry, Sergio Aragonés, Tom Richmond, and Peter Kuper**; noggin in foreground: unknown). Didn't catch us in person? Make up for it by staring extra hard at all our work in this issue.



INCOMING!





## ALFRED LOOK-ALIKE

For a few years I have promised my Alfred-looking son, Oliver, that I would try to submit an unaltered photo of him with the hope it could be printed in your silly magazine so we could show it to all our friends. For you this could mean as many as four extra issues sold!

**William White & Son, San Francisco, CA**

**Great White Pop**—We've long wondered how Alfred would look if his eyes were even and he was all-around more adorable. Thanks for solving that mystery! Now don't let the fame and glory of having your pic published in MAD go to your son's perfectly tousled-haired head. —AT



## MONKEYS NO LONGER SHINE

I'm enjoying the reboot of the magazine, but something is missing. In the late Fundalini Pages, there was a feature called "Monkeys Are Always Funny." If a recurring feature is cancelled from a comedy magazine, one would conclude that it was no longer funny. But, wait—monkeys are ALWAYS funny, are they not?

**Tim Young, Tokyo**

**Young Tim**—Since MAD has been out of the monkey business, no one but you has piped up—which makes us wonder if monkeys *aren't* always funny. Regardless, for now it seems there would be too much overlap between covering simians and covering simpletons (i.e., certain White House occupants), but we'll keep the feature in mind for the future. P.S. We still have a Fundalini-like section—it's called **Shorts & Briefs!** —AT

## HIS SPECIALTY IS THE FUNNY BONE

**Here's how MAD has influenced me over the past 47 years:**

- 1) Read MAD too much rather than study enough in medical school.
- 2) Skipped out of work twice to attend MAD art auctions (anything still for sale?).
- 3) Retained my juvenile humor to become a pediatrician rather than being a doctor for grown-ups.

Can you please publish this letter so I can add it to my résumé as a piece of scholarly work and get promoted?

**Jeffrey W. Taub, Birmingham, MI**

**Dr. Wha?**—Wait, pediatricians can get promoted? Do they just give you bigger, sicker kids? Do you guys have a caste system or something? Is there a "king pediatrician" who rules by decree and exiles those who don't hand out enough lollipops? We don't mean to belittle your profession, but your question only raises more questions.

Anyway, here you go, doc. You've now been published in a top MADical journal! —AT

**FANCY-SCHMANCY ART OPENING**



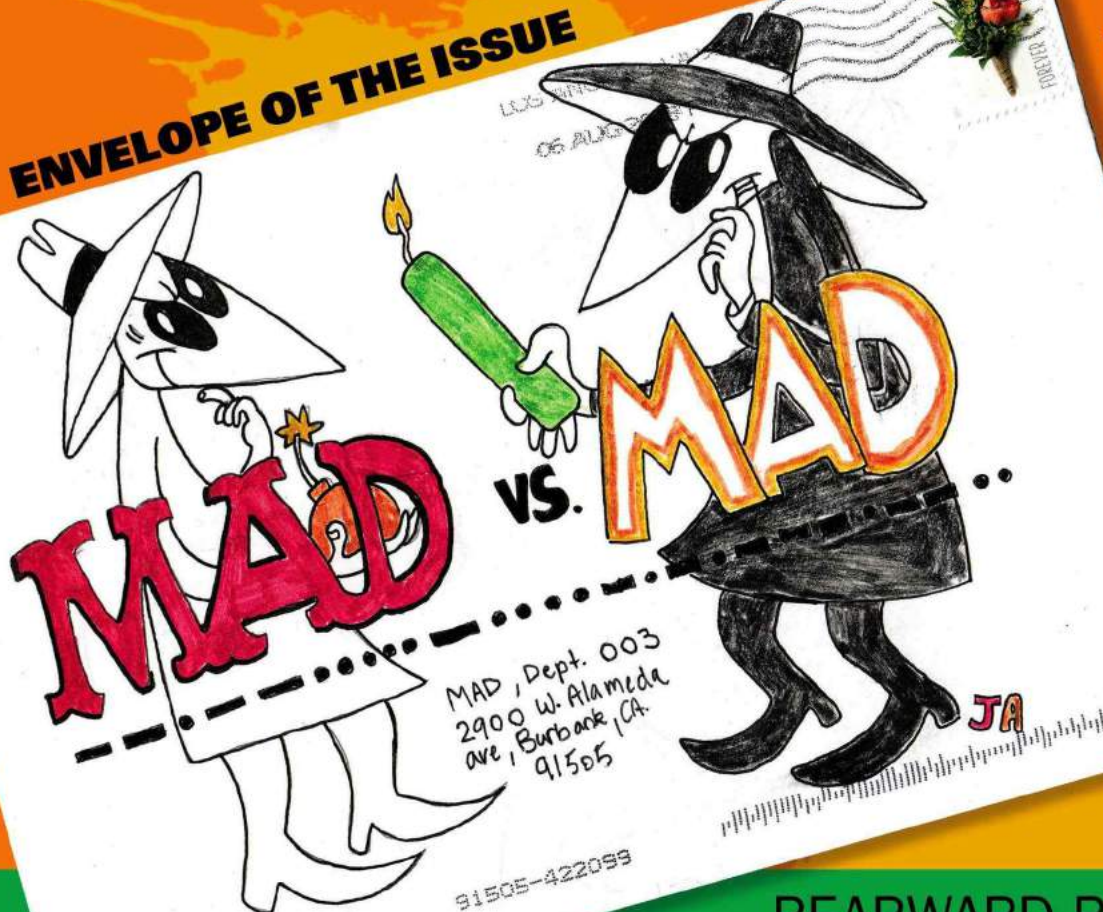
**Artist Eric Joyner's**

recent gallery show in L.A. included his original painting for the cover of MAD No. 2 (appropriately, the Hollywood issue). We don't

know if he sold the piece, which features Alfred falling into cement head over sneakers, but if so we hope the buyer didn't pay Eric in tiki mugs like we did!



## ENVELOPE OF THE ISSUE



We spied this beaut in our mailbag and thought we should give props to

## TYLER ANDREWS

of West Hollywood, CA. Not only did he nail White Spy and Black Spy, he also nicely captured the old and new MAD logos. Good versus good!



## REARWARD READER

I sure miss the letters department being the first thing I read when I get a new issue, but you guys must know what you're doing by now. So I started reading from back to front. A little OCD, I know.

**Ben Carter, via email**

Captious Carter—Funny enough, our pal Alfred E. Neuman reads his magazines the same way—bass-ackwards. So to please our MADscot, we did an about-face with our format. Glad to hear that the switcheroo didn't outsmart you! —AT

## GIVE A HOOT. PUT OWLS EN ROUTE!

I tried to send this letter via owl, and as proof I have included photos of Toki (criticizing your magazine with his judgmental glare) and Frankie (trying to figure out if it would be better used as nesting material). So as you can see, I am a proper wizard and everything.

Despite my magical abilities, it is still hard to get MAD in this country. So imagine my joy when I found a few issues on a stall selling old comics. But the most recent issue was February 2016. I noticed a strange orange fellow was running for president. Did you know that in England "trump" is a euphemism for flatulence?

I hope you print my letter, and I can't wait to read it in your magazine in two-and-a-half years.

**Amy Jo Lawrance**  
**West Yorkshire, England**

Amy Jo of West Yorkshire (May We Call You Puddin'?)—Though we're grateful to have a magical reader send us fart-based news, it's imperative that you understand owls are known for delivering timely mail. So don't settle for "try"—get these freeloaders registered with the Hogsmeade Owl

Post tout suite! It would be much faster than waiting for MAD to arrive on a British newsstand, and it will give them something to do other than trump around (thanks for teaching us that term of endearment, Puddin'). —AT





Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

# THE MADIFESTO

Aeronautics and Space Administration

Headquarters  
Washington, DC 20546-0001



Dearest MAD,

Every living thing has a dream it must chase or else its soul may wither and die. The ant's dream is to find the perfect crumb and show it to every ant that ever doubted him. The tour guide's dream is to say "If you'll look to your left..." and see, not just a few, but every head turn to witness the house that Ron Perlman grew up in. And then there is the astronaut's dream: to go to space. A dream that I, an astronaut, have been denied. And it's all because of Halloween.

In October of 2017, after being with NASA for 24 years, my boss Bradley informed me that I would be piloting the next shuttle mission. I've always prided myself on my ability to mask my emotions, but this time was different. I, a man who saw Chris Kattan do stand-up comedy at the mall and somehow managed to hold in my laughter, leapt from my chair. I thanked Bradley profusely, and then he invited me to his Halloween party. It was then that he handed me my death sentence.

After doing some research, I learned that historically Halloween is a night when people dress up as something they're not. I started trying to think of things I'm not. "A man?" No, I was that. Eventually I was able to jot down things I wasn't, and one immediately caught my eye: "belly dancer."

I arrived at the party with my wife I don't love feeling confident. I had spent all week getting into character and was ready for any curveball someone might throw. Perhaps they would ask what my favorite kind of music was. "Something I can belly dance to!" I'd reply. Maybe a partygoer would inquire where the bathroom was. "I don't know, but I'm certainly a belly dancer!" I'd shoot back. I was a woman of the East through and through.

The door opened and my entire life changed. My coworkers, not wearing costumes, stared at me in stunned silence. I tried to lighten the mood with an amusing comment from my character's perspective. "Why is the front door made of wood instead of beads?" My contemporaries continued to stare, and I began to cry. "Halloween is the designated time for goofing around!" I screamed. Bradley approached me and tried to calm me down. "Relax," he said. "Relax? Would you tell an ant to relax after he found the perfect crumb?" This seemed to confuse nearly everyone present. Realizing I was in an unwinnable situation, I left.

The next day I was taken off the mission. I was told that NASA prefers pilots who respond well to pressure instead of ones who go completely insane. And that is why I'm writing to you today: I need something akin to a doctor's note that says I'm A-OK, but my analyst refused. Surely MAD Magazine could supply such a document?

If not, maybe I'll just leave NASA and move to where I would feel most at home: Japan. Because that is where belly dancers are from.

Sincerely,

Commander Brian Berghelm



I STILL SAY THIS COSTUME  
HAD THE RIGHT STUFF!



NEVER GOING  
TO THIS THING!  
I GUESS.

WRITER CHRIS STEPHENS  
ARTIST MIKE LOEW

ADDITIONAL PHOTO VIA DREAMSTIME.COM © ANTHONY ANESEE TOTAH JR



Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! It's...

# REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Grace Staley**.

**Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to [realdumb@madmagazine.com](mailto:realdumb@madmagazine.com)! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!**

All stories submitted to [realdumb@madmagazine.com](mailto:realdumb@madmagazine.com) may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

**MAD**

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**WHAT GROUP  
PROFITS THE  
MOST FROM  
HALLOWEEN?**

# HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every year Halloween brings businesses millions of dollars in revenue. To find out who benefits most from this tricky trade, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A**

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

**B**

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



DEMAND FOR HALLOWEEN PRODUCTS IS HIGH THIS YEAR. ENTERTAINING NEW TRICKS ARE POPULAR AND EVERYTHING IS SURE TO BE VERY PROFITABLE FOR ANYONE WHO INVESTS.

**A**

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

**B**



It's easy to forget that Halloween is a time to celebrate the *idea* of death and dismemberment, not actually *experience* it. Allow us to hold your hand during this holiday of horror and guide you away from the afterlife for at least one more year!

# DON'T DIE THIS HALLOWEEN!!!

Here are MAD's **BLOODY** good safety tips for parents of boys and ghouls!

## ARE YOUR KIDS BOBBING FOR APPLES—OR DISEASE?



Throwing a party where everyone's dipping their heads into the same water and then biting that floating fruit? Disgusting! Your guests will feel so much safer bobbing for apples knowing each one is nestled in a protective condom!

## SHOW KIDS JUST HOW SAFE YOUR CANDY IS!



When passing out treats, unwrap one and take a bite as the kids watch. Then hand them the uneaten piece. They'll see there's nothing "bad" inside.  
**BONUS:** You'll be giving out a lot less candy this way!

## MAKE SURE YOUR KIDS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT!



Use plenty of reflective tape on your child's hands, wrists, arms, back, front, neck, legs, feet, and head. At crosswalks, tell them not to linger in front of cars that have their headlights on.

## SAFEGUARD AGAINST DEADLY FIRES!



Decorations are often the first thing to ignite at Halloween parties. Be sure all decorations are far away from people. Don't use electric or battery-operated lights, and definitely don't use candles! Every decoration is a potential catastrophe!

## SET A CURFEW FOR YOUR KIDS TO BE HOME!



Make it really clear that your kids **MUST** be home at least one minute before the set time!

## PICK THE LEAST DANGEROUS TIME FOR FUN!



Prime-time trick-or-treating leads to trampling and—worst of all—sugar highs too close to bedtime. If you want them to be safe and *really* scare the neighbors, have them "trick-or-treat" at 7 A.M. Halloween morning!

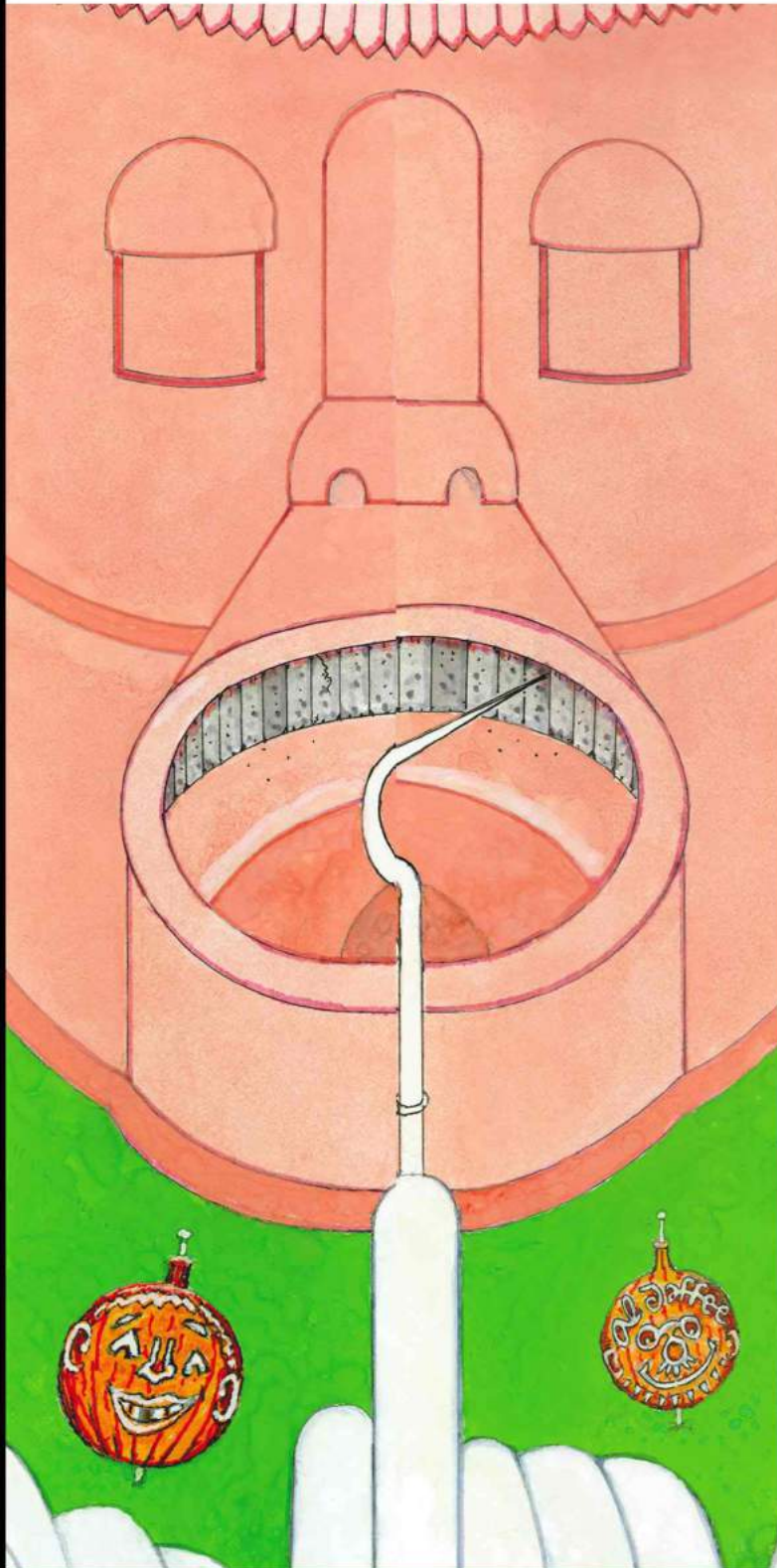


# WHAT GROUP PROFITS THE MOST FROM HALLOWEEN?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A** **B** FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



DENT-

ISTS.

**A** **B**